



Articles

- 192 PROF. A. C. B. LOVELL
The Road to 1984 : First Men in the Moon
- 195 BERNARD HOLLOWOOD
Give Me the Moonlight; Give Me the Vote . . .
- 197 H. F. ELLIS
Faultless Oratory?
- 198 ALEX ATKINSON
Hints for Hecklers—1
- 211 J. B. BOOTHROYD
No Public Outcry Yet
- 212 JO PACKER
Turning Point : The Taste of Pencil
- 223 CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS
Enter Twelve Elephants

Verse

- 194 R. P. LISTER
The Quick Brown Fox
- 196 ANGELA MILNE
Science Knitwear
- 224 KATE MARY BRUCE
Take Heart

Features

- 201 YOUR HEALTH
J. B. Boothroyd, Bernard Hollowood, B. A. Young, H. F. Ellis, Alex Atkinson, R. G. G. Price, Angela Milne, T. S. Watt, Peter Dickinson
- 214 TOBY COMPETITIONS
- 215 IN THE CITY
Lombard Lane
- 215 IN THE COUNTRY
Fergusson Maclay
- 216 FOR WOMEN

Criticism

- 218 BOOKING OFFICE
Simon Raven : Teach Yourself Heroism
- 220 THEATRE (Eric Keown)
- 221 FILMS (Richard Mallett)
- 222 RADIO (Henry Turton)

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The London Charivari

OLD-time statesmen and diplomats were glad to have their hand strengthened before a conference or a congress by a well-timed royal marriage or secret alliance. It is curious that prestige and influence nowadays rest on the ability to land capsules on celestial bodies. Mr. Khrushchev, it is generally agreed, can afford to patronize Mr. Eisenhower, until such time as they shoot off something new, or something straight, from Canaveral. Even now, perhaps, the American President, as he talks deprecatingly with his guest, has half an ear cocked for the arrival of a note saying "Hit it"—whereupon he would at once take a much sharper tone about Berlin or bases. Ideally he should arrive in Moscow for his return visit by I.C.B.M. The Summit Conference, if there is one, will certainly sway this way and that as the bleeps pour in from outer space and planet after planet reels under the diplomatic assault. Meanwhile one can only offer one's sympathy to the Americans, those habitual capsule-takers, for finding one on their plate that is so hard to swallow.

Smile When You Say That

It's time that reports of high-level talks hit on some new exercises in the



non-committal. That first two hours' White House discussion was curtly

boiled down as "frank and friendly." It couldn't possibly have been both.

Moonglow

DETAILS of the "concert" given for Mr. Khrushchev's party on the evening of their first day in Washington have been hard to come by. One usually reliable source has divulged, however, that most of the items were requests by the guest of honour, and included "I Love the Moon," "The Moon and I," "Ah! Moon of My Delight" and "The Moon Got in My Eyes." The finale is said to have been "It Was Only a Paper Moon," feelingly rendered by a well known Cape Canaveral vocal group.

Chef's Suggestion?

THE Minister of Health's proposal to issue a "code" for food handlers is



regarded by most diners-out as just another scheme to keep the secret of what they're eating.

Brush Up Your Selenography

SOME of us pretended we knew all along that the moon formations bore names like Sea of Serenity and Lake of the Dead. A little delving shows that the moon also has names like Briggs, Huggins, Robinson, Smyth (but no Smith), Taylor and Webb. These,



"But in a marginal constituency it's your duty to repudiate Suez."

to my mind, stand out refreshingly among Zupus, Anaxagoras, Endymion, Piccolomini and Rabbi Levi. It seems that lunar nomenclature has been through many phases. Hevelius, in the seventeenth century, named landmarks after earth formations which he fancied they resembled, but hardly any of his names survive and no one should suppose that this was the origin of the feature called Birmingham. In the main the lunar gazetteer (unless it has been heavily revised lately) is a roll-call of astronomers and philosophers, eked out with a Julius Caesar or a Wilhelm I. Some of the gang have no more right to be immortalized there than have the butlers and duellists in Westminster Abbey. Certain names, like Maskelyne and Schiaparelli, or Horrocks and Alexander, strike a note of false topicality. How many of these names, I wonder, will be respected by Russian selenographers? There is a Caucasus up there already, but the only other Russian-looking name in my list is, regrettably, Boguslawsky.

Shrinking Globe

MR. K. said that, to the joy of all concerned, 800 lb of the earth had been transferred to the moon. Not my joy. These rockets will multiply

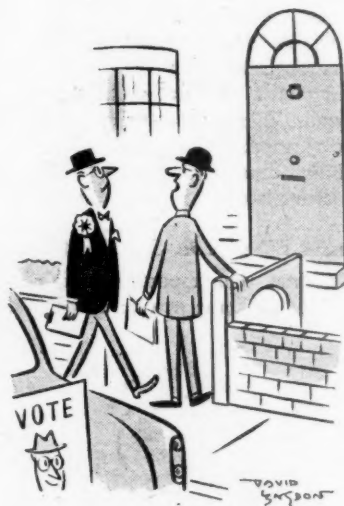
and grow. Soon they'll be transferring tons, hundreds of tons, thousands of tons—and the old place won't be the same. I mean—dash it!—we're already shockingly overcrowded and wondering where the soil for the next meal is coming from. I sit here writing, and it seems to me that the very ground under my feet is already scheduled for dispatch to Venus or Pluto. I'm scared. The sooner we get men on the moon the better: we want some of this new world to redress the balance of the old.

Been Reading "Tribune"

A BRITISH newspaperman who went round New York asking questions about British politics reported that everyone he spoke to "gave the name of the Labour Party leader as Mr. Bevan." This means that they know either too little about our political set-up or too much.

Private Enterprise

ONCE upon a time gentlemen turned to the Personal Column to see whether any decent regiments were for sale (home service for preference), or whether a cut-price cornetcy could be snapped up for a nephew. Even now the Army finds a modest use for the Personal Column—witness that recent appeal in the *Daily Telegraph* by a R.E.M.E. Regiment (T.A.) for a young officer to take charge of its Light Aid



"Here's your toughest call. He's the opposition candidate."

Detachment ("ring Adjutant, WIM 0158"). In the equivalent column of the *Melody Maker* British regiments tumble over each other in their hunt for specialists. "Competent clarinettist required for Hong Kong tour, Spring, 1960," says the Bandmaster of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. "Come for a tour of Germany with the famous Band of the Lancashire Fusiliers," runs another appeal. The Director of Music R.A.O.C. holds out the lure "permanent station," and adds "enlist, re-enlist or transfer." The Band of the Loyal Regiment will send photographs of itself on request, without even requiring a photograph of the applicant. These appeals run cheek by jowl with the recruiting calls of Bertram Mills' Circus and Ivy Benson's Band. You didn't think soldiers were recruited and posted to their units by the War Office, did you?

Somebody's Pak has Slid

I WAS surprised that the publishers of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*, faced with the howls of rage that greeted their definition of Pakistan as part of India, did not cash in on Dr. Johnson's two hundredth and fiftieth anniversary celebrations last week and use the Doctor's classic reply to the woman who asked him why he had defined pastern as the knee of a horse in his dictionary: "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." The name Pakistan has the tortured ingenuity of a good crossword puzzle clue. Sir Rhamat Ali, who invented it, explained that it stood for Punjab, Afghania, Kashmir, Iran, Sindh, Tukharistan, Afghanistan and BalochistaN (that last one's a bit of a stretch). Not only this, but the word means the Land of the Pure and Clean (or Pak) in Persian and Urdu. It is as though NATSOPA were Saxon for Home of Happy Craftsmen.

Touched the Spot

MR. SELWYN LLOYD, as it happened, was quite wrong in saying that nobody was very interested in the Russians having got a rocket on the moon within two minutes of the advertised time. He had hardly spoken before a man wrote to the *Daily Telegraph* asking when British Railways were going to take a leaf out of the Soviet book and run their trains punctually.

—MR. PUNCH



*"...ain't no sense,
Sitting on a fence,
All by yourself in the moonlight."*

(By courtesy of Campbell Connolly & Co., Ltd.)

THE ROAD TO 1984

A series of probes for proles.

This week's subject is . . .



First Men in the Moon By Prof. A. C. B. LOVELL

AT a recent meeting in Los Angeles the President of the Royal Aeronautical Society is reported to have posed the question as to why the earth had received no visitors from outer space. His own answer might well provide the text for this article. "The fact may be that in the countless æons of space, as each civilization on other worlds advanced to the point where it had solved the mysteries of nuclear fission—at that point everyone of them blew themselves to smithereens. This may be the way that we are inevitably heading."

It cannot be denied that the peoples of the earth have already solved enough of the mysteries of the atom to facilitate destruction on such a global scale that twenty-five years hence any scientists left might be engaged in mopping up and rebuilding their own science. As a result of the labours of scientists during the past twenty-five years the politicians have been presented with a series of ultimate weapons. In Government establishments some scientists are still working to make more deadly devices, and others are trying to provide suitable countermeasures. There is no foreseeable scientific breakthrough of the type which might give the West or the East predominant military superiority as happened in the early history of the atomic bomb. Because the inventive ingenuity of the offensive and defensive scientists in the major powers is nicely balanced, so the balance of military

power is likely to remain delicately poised. Many scientists will continue to earn their living by improving the accuracy by which the push-button weapons can be delivered between any points of the globe, and others will strive to devise means of stopping them on their journey. But 1959 has seen one nation succeed in its ambition of hitting the moon, and the distance separating the Kremlin and the White House is a mere twentieth of that of the lunar target.

As long as it is necessary to maintain this balance of power only a small fraction of the national resources left over from the defence budgets will continue to be available for other forms of scientific activity. But we live in an age where the dividing line between all forms of scientific activity is very thin. Nowhere is this more clearly exemplified than in the common interests of those engaged in military rocket developments and space research. Indeed it is common knowledge that in Russia the successful launching of the Sputnik followed closely on the perfection of the long-range ballistic rocket, and that the first American successes were achieved with rockets designed for military purposes. The cost and the resources needed to develop and build such launching rockets are vast and are certainly beyond anything which a country would invest in research for fundamental purposes. Great Britain is in the throes of uncertainty whether

to remain a major scientific power by engaging actively in the launching of earth satellites and space probes. When it does so—it is indeed unthinkable that there can be any other decision—it will do so on the basis of the military rockets, Blue Streak and Black Knight.

The major powers will be forced to continue the development of military rockets and associated apparatus at great expense. Scientists meanwhile will continue to seize this unprecedented opportunity of launching their comparatively inexpensive payloads into space, and unless the politicians doom us to racial suicide the next few decades are likely to be full of spatial glamour and excitement. The placing in orbit of delicate scientific instruments which send information back to earth about the conditions far above the absorbing regions of the earth's atmosphere is one of the greatest scientific achievements of man. The success of the early Sputniks and Explorers stimulated a vast drive in the U.S.A.—even more intense in Russia—and the Lunik and Pioneer moon probes are a mere sample of the events which seem likely to occur soon.

The report of the United States Select Committee on Astronautics and Space Exploration submitted to Congress in January 1959 reads like science fiction, yet it is a serious appraisal of the next ten years in space. The milestones are clear—probes to study the scientific environment of the moon and the nearer

planets, automatic landing of instruments on the moon and then on the planets, man in space, and finally manned journeys to the moon and planets. The possibilities of carrying out such programmes are no longer seriously questioned; the only uncertainties remaining are the target dates and the continued availability of the American and Russian resources. In the case of the unmanned probes carrying scientific instruments there already seem to be sufficient investment and resources to carry through all the programmes, including instrumental landings on the moon, Mars, and Venus, within ten years.

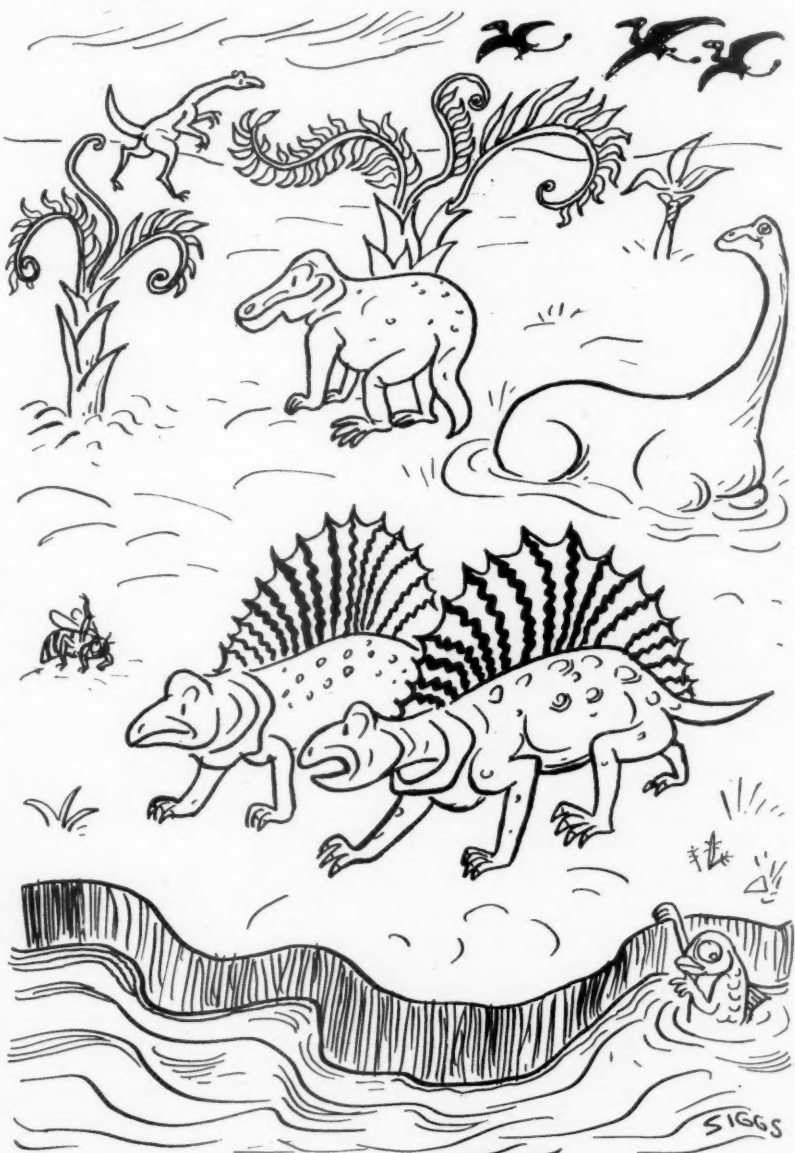
The projects for manned space vehicles are more futuristic—and any timetable involving journeys of human beings to the moon can only be guesswork until the preliminary stages in the vicinity of the earth are accomplished. The X 15 aircraft in the United States is expected to make the first manned excursions above the atmosphere this year and it is anyone's guess whether a Russian or American will be the first to orbit the earth in space and return alive—both have already recovered dogs or monkeys from great heights. Nesmeyanov, the President of the Soviet Academy, included the project of landing men on the moon in the new seven-year programme of Soviet Science and after the experience of the Sputniks we should do well to take note of the pronouncements of distinguished Russian scientists. If indeed so many major hazards are overcome in so short a time then by the 1980s there is no reason why men should not be taking the journey of several months to Mars and Venus.

On the scientific level, as distinct from the political or spectacular, it is debatable whether the effort might not be more profitable if devoted entirely to unmanned probings involving larger payloads of sophisticated scientific instrumentation. In so far as the study of the physical environment of space is concerned the case may be strong but it remains possible that the desire to find out about life elsewhere may demand that human intelligence be conveyed to the planets.

Twenty-five years ago scientists considered that the planetary system was probably unique, because it was believed to have been formed from the hot

hydrogenous material torn out from the sun by the pull of another passing star a few thousand million years ago. The uniqueness of life seemed secure because of the rarity of such an occurrence and because the development of the primeval organisms of life could not have occurred until the earth had cooled. Now the picture is different. So many faults have been found in this "encounter" theory that it has been abandoned. Now it is believed that the planetary system was formed from a

huge dust cloud, which surrounded the sun, by the accretion of the solid particles. Two features of this theory are of particular significance. The formation of the dust cloud around a star like the sun can be a common occurrence, and even if we put in tremendous odds we are still likely to end up with tens of thousands of planetary systems amongst the ten thousand million stars of the Milky Way. Multiply this by the billions of star systems like the Milky Way in the



"What's the good—evolution pulling one way and Strontium 90 the other?"



"If they went down on their knees and begged me I wouldn't vote Labour."

regions of the universe which are already observable in the large telescopes and we realize that the planetary system of which the earth is a member is very unlikely to be either unique or rare.

In spite of this any forms of life elsewhere might still be unlikely if some feature of the evolution of the pre-life processes could only be satisfied by the particular conditions which arose on the earth. However, there is no conclusive argument against the existence of organic molecules on the dust cloud from which the planets were formed. In the years ahead the biologist will join the lunar and planetary explorers and his answer to this question will surely be the most crucial which human beings have ever awaited. If the biologist finds such evidence of organic processes it will not necessarily mean that other beings live in the solar system, but it will imply that some form of life probably exists in many other parts of the universe. Earth beings will then struggle with the problem of communication—and indeed that seems insoluble since radio waves would take four and a half years to reach the nearest star, one hundred thousand years to get to the limits of the Milky Way and two million years to reach even the nearest of our neighbours in extragalactic space.

Before this problem arises it seems likely that scientists will have placed in orbit a very accurate clock in order to find out if it really does go more slowly

than its duplicate on earth. If, as some scientists believe, this manifestation of relativity theory is demonstrated then a very strange possibility may emerge. Assuming that space rockets could be launched to travel at nearly the speed of light then a space traveller would find his time scale quite different from that existing on earth. One thousand years of earth-time would be little more than ten years in the space rocket. It is likely

that some form of atomic propulsion applied to space flight will, in future, make feasible such great speeds. Science will then enter fields of physical and physiological endeavour which are now almost inconceivable. Is it possible that the child is already born who as a young man will set out on a journey to interstellar space, returning in middle age, to find that two thousand years of earth time have gone by? It is typical of our age that such a question can now be posed outside the realms of fiction. The idea may well be rubbish, but at least we ought soon to know. Meanwhile if we can turn a blind eye to the Strontium 90 we can enjoy the new blessings of communication facilities, travel and weather forecasting which should soon be a minor bonus of these scientific endeavours.

Other contributors to this series will be:

WILLIAM CLARK
DESMOND DONNELLY
ELSPETH HUXLEY
LUDOVIC KENNEDY
SIR HALFORD REDDISH
SUSAN STRANGE

The Quick Brown Fox

THE quick brown fox, a million times a year,
Where the new-fledged young ladies in sad ranks
Tap at the clattering machines for fear
Of maiden poverty, preferring banks

And offices where enterprising clerks
May in due time select them for their mates
And set them up with afternoons in parks
Pram-pushing, endless washing-up of plates

And dishes, dusting, making beds and such,
Jumps (I am back again where I began,
And speaking of the fox, which is not much
Inclined to toil and spin and think and plan,

But spends long hours in sleeping like a log)
Over (O happy fox!) the lazy dog.

— R. P. LISTER

Give Me the Moonlight, Give Me the Vote . . .

A LABOUR Party Commission and the *Daily Mirror* have recommended that the franchise should be extended to people of eighteen. In this "Punchfacts" survey we present a weighted cross-section of the public's reactions to this move. It is daring, disturbing and quietly authoritative.

CASE 1. (Civil Servant, age 43, married with three young children. J. H. Weatherby was wearing a charcoal lounge suit, black shoes, Metropolitan Water Board tie. He reads the *Telegraph*. Likes Max Jaffa, Tennyson, Eisenhower, and voted for draught beer in the last election.)

"It's perfectly simple, don't you know. The Liberals are in favour of proportional representation, Labour wants votes for children of eighteen. Why? Because neither party has a hope of getting in without something of this kind. I knew *nothing* at eighteen, but *nothing*. All the credit for my

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

subsequent development I owe to the war, Monty, and the *Telegraph*."

CASE 2. (Fruit salesman, age 19, married, two children. Ken Reskitt was wearing a red open-neck check shirt, blue suede shoes and tightish trousers. He reads *The Fruiterer*, the *News of the World*, gramophone record sleeves and court summonses.)

"I'm nineteen. Right? I knew more when I left school at fifteen than I do now and every year I forget a bit more of what I learned. Right? Ask me, the chances are I'll make a better voter at fifteen than eighteen, or twenty-one or forty, fifty, what you like. Right? Anyone who says Cliff Richards isn't old enough to vote wants their heads examining."

CASE 3. (Secretary, age 31, unmarried. Judith Cairns was wearing a drip-dry blouse, black skirt, Italian stiletto-heel shoes and porcelain earrings. She reads

the *Mail*, *Woman*, *Woman's Own*, *Woman's World*, *Woman's Magazine*, *Woman and Home*, *Modern Woman*, *Woman and Child*, *Woman's Weekly* and *Woman's Illustrated*. She likes cooking, washing, millinery, Duncan Sandys and Cliff Michelmores.)

"I don't think women should have the vote at all—at any age. They should preserve their priceless heritage of femininity, and politics and femininity don't go together. My father wouldn't let my mother vote, not even for Mr. Baldwin, because he said it made her 'mannish' (that was his word). As for boys, I don't really know. Eighteen seems frightfully young to be going into polling booths and all that."

CASE 4. (Hub-cap fettler, age 18, unmarried but "courting strong." James F. Malt was wearing white overalls, tennis pumps and a gold bracelet watch. He reads "The Week" in the *Observer*, *Punch*, Henry Fairlie, Taper and Cassandra. Likes Braque, Chris



"If I tell you it was all done faster than the missus whipping my wage packet Friday nights, you'll get some idea."

The Candidates



This candidate has promised a return to the good old days



This candidate is using politics as a way into TV



This candidate hasn't a dog's chance



This candidate has been co-opted by the Tories



This candidate has the support of the political cartoonists



This candidate insists on calling a spade a West Indian immigrant



This candidate has nothing to lose but his circulation

Barber, Dylan Thomas and statistics: dislikes America, braces.)

"Of course we should have the vote. I'm old enough to do National Service and sign professional forms for the Spurs, so I'm old enough, surely, to vote against the Men of Suez. People mature more quickly these days. It may be the food or it may be the Welfare. Anyway, they do. I was shaving at thirteen and balding at seventeen. Last year I paid £18 10s. in direct tax and untold amounts in P.T. on discs, and I say no taxation without representation. If I had the vote I'd plump for Lord Robert Boothby."

CASE 5. (Student, age 20, Oxford University. Daniel Mercer was wearing hopsack flannels, blue blazer, sandy moustache. He reads set books, Nuclear Disarmament Campaign literature and Andy Capp. Likes Modern Jazz Quartet, chess, frankfurters: dislikes the Scots and "Wells Fargo.")

"I don't think we ought to have the vote. Let us cling to youth and gay irresponsibility as long as possible. There's time enough for politics, and I for one don't wish to become involved. It's no use having the vote unless you're prepared to read the *Daily Sketch* or whatever it is *seriously*, from cover to cover, and personally I can't think of anything more boring. Up to twenty-one we are only boys really. Besides Macmillan's doing all right as he is, isn't he? I had a look at that Conservative pamphlet, *Form*, but it was all a little bit over my head, so obviously I'm not ready yet."

CASE 6. (Marilyn Tennerby, age 20, typist at Unilever House. Miss Tennerby was wearing twenty-eight yards of

petticoat under a flamenco skirt, a blue jumper, coral slippers and delta-wing spectacles. She reads the *TV Times*. Likes TV., dislikes typing.)

"It's no business of the Government's to declare people's ages, is it? Take our Tina. Once she'd got the vote she was as good as on the shelf. The boys at the Koffee Kitchen and such don't go for eggheads. You might as well be Vivien Leigh or Bessie Braddock for all they care once you're on that damn register, and who wants to finish up an old maid even if you have put the Socialists back in West Ham? I'm staying twenty until they're blue in the face."

To sum up. Exactly half of those questioned (between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one) consider that if they're old enough for the *Mirror* they're old enough to vote. But the rest feel that if they're old enough to vote they're too old for the *Mirror*. And the same seems to go for the Labour Party.

Science Knitwear

I LOVE, as only simple woman can,
My all-synthetic fibre cardigan,

Not only for its way of looking posh
After long weeks of wash and wear and wash

But for the wild electric flash I spark
From it when I remove it in the dark.

You don't get *that* with just non-shrink,
non-pull,
Dye-tested, siliconed, moth-processed
wool.

— ANGELA MILNE

Faultless Oratory?

By H. F. ELLIS

On the need for a Society of Candidates

IT must have been pure coincidence that the Society of Lecturers brought out their first report on "Public Speaking in Great Britain" at a time when the greatest spate of public speaking for five years was about to deluge the British public. The Society, as its name indicates, is not interested in orators but in lecturers—those quiet dedicated men who will speak to a Women's Luncheon Club in Goole as readily and as non-controversially as they will address the Upper Forms at Stowe; who will courageously face an audience in a Public Library on the subject of "A Ramble in Morocco" (with slides), but would not dream of banging a fist down in a Parish Hall to emphasize the evils of nationalization or capital gains. Still, the Society's report is timely, and could be studied with advantage by candidates and their organizers.

The object of the Society of Lecturers is "to set and maintain a high standard of public speaking." Its report is the result of a survey, based on information supplied by "organizations and lecturers," and falls into two parts, which deal, roughly speaking, with what audiences think of lecturers and what lecturers think of audiences. It is Part I that may interest election candidates, and in particular that section of it devoted to Complaints. Inaudibility, lack of preparation, carelessness in dress, disturbing mannerisms, lack of personality, talking down, out-of-date material, too much use of notes, and rushing to

catch trains—these are some of the faults from which lecturers are not immune. Not all of them are applicable to candidates. Not all of them, on a political platform, are necessarily faults. Rushing to catch trains, for instance, intolerably offensive in a lecturer who rattles off his piece about Siam, grabs his ten guineas and will not stay for a question (careless of the feelings of six eager women who have spent his entire talk thinking up Something Intelligent to Ask), is by no means reprehensible in a candidate. People like their candidate to rush. The impression of restless energy, of a multiplicity of engagements, is valuable. He must rush in late (speaking over his shoulder, as though to a helicopter pilot offstage), castigate the opposition, apologize for being due elsewhere half an hour ago, and rush out again. Carelessness in dress, too, though risky for a Socialist, can be a positive advantage to a Conservative speaker. A tie askew and a touch of bagginess at the knees may distress the extreme right-wing supporter, but scarcely to the point of making him abstain; to the floating voter, sold on "Prosperity," but shy of ranging himself alongside Top People, these signs of down-to-earth middle-income bracketness may just tip the scale. Inaudibility again, though certainly a fault in any speaker, is not one from which political speakers notably suffer. They are saved by their material, however out of date. For a lecturer, embarking for the hundredth time on his comparison of Charlotte

Brontë and George Eliot or his description of the State Apartments at Windsor Castle, as the case may be, it is fatally easy to mumble. The political speaker, observing that the pensions scheme put forward by his opponents is the most squalid betrayal of the people of this country since the time of King John, is unlikely, even at the two hundredth repetition, to fall into the same error. The words naturally rise to a scream. Try saying them over, *sotto voce*, and it will be found that the clenched fist rises and falls without conscious volition from the first syllable of "pensions", and that by the time the word "betrayal" is reached the neighbours' windows will have begun to go up on every side. Inaudibility, at any rate for the speaker who has the sense to concentrate on his opponents' programme rather than his own, is unlikely to be a bugbear.

Lack of personality is a different kettle of fish. But what can a candidate do about it except confine himself to the inside of a loud-speaker van?

That leaves us with lack of preparation, disturbing mannerisms, talking down, out-of-date material and too much use of notes as the faults to which candidates should particularly address themselves; and even in this shortened list it is necessary to make reservations. Disturbing mannerisms, now. If ever a politician had disturbing mannerisms one might have thought it was Mr. Macmillan, who has a way of throwing a hand upwards and outwards in mid-sentence, not with passion or for



This candidate speaks the language of the common people



This candidate's husband stopped listening years ago



This candidate kissed rashly



This candidate is ready to promise anything

emphasis but as though flipping an empty cigarette packet over the wall—or as though he knew he had scribbled in "Gesture" somewhere hereabouts, and was not making enough use of his notes. Yet who can doubt that, mannerisms and all, he is a potent vote-winner? As for out-of-date material, what candidate who has set six successive meetings in a roar by the mere mention of Suez or vermin will agree that out-of-dateness is a fault in political speaking?

The more one considers the list of "complaints" gathered by the Society of Lecturers the stronger grows the conviction that few or none of them apply to candidates for Parliament. Is it possible, then, that political speakers have, in fact, no faults?

No. Reason rebels. The truth must be that political speakers have a different set of faults, all their own. Ineffability? Lack of ratiocination? Carelessness about facts? Disturbing vaguenesses, too many personalities, talking round, out-of-date philosophies, too much use of clichés and not rushing to catch

trains soon enough? Perhaps. But this is mere guesswork. To clear the matter up, what is wanted is a Society of Candidates, anxious to "set and maintain" a high standard of political speaking, and keen enough about it to go round asking audiences what it is that they find most loathsome in their political speakers. There ought to be some interesting answers.

The drawback is, of course, that even if such a Society existed it could hardly hope to make its report available until long after the present spate of oratory had died away into the indistinguishable mumble of Parliament in session. For the time being we must regretfully accept the fact that there is no known means of discovering the outstanding deficiencies of political speakers, short of actually going and listening to them.

☆

"An Oldbury company director, Mr. Frank Vincent, retired last night with a set of wooden garden furniture made from ship's wood to remind him of his former colleagues."—*Birmingham Post*

Nice touch.



"It's the greatest thing since 'Snap, Crackle and Pop!' It says grace!"

HINTS FOR HECKLERS

(1) THE LABOUR MEETING

The Sinister Approach

ARISING out of that, you Labour-ites seem to have conveniently forgotten the sixteenth of March, 1958, don't you?

The Oblique-Historical Approach

Having regard to the socialist philosophy enunciated by Claude Henri de Rouvroy, Comte de Saint-Simon, in 1817 and again in 1825, and to the exposition of his theories by Weill in his *Saint-Simon Et Son Œuvre* in 1896, as well as by Gouhier in Volumes 2 and 3 of his *La Jeunesse d'Auguste Comte Et La Formation Du Positivism*, what precise stand, in your opinion, should be taken now, and by whom?

The Bathetic Approach

What are you going to do about Mrs. Rammage's teeth?

The Cryptic Approach

On the broad subject of nationalization as such, no one can deny that you are intelligently informed. You must surely realize, therefore, that the question we particularly want answered here is, what are Labour's *real* plans for oatmeal, lighthouses and reafforestation?

The Bombshell Approach

Are you aware that your wife is a Young Conservative?

The Basic Principles Approach

This all sounds very fine, but how can you possibly reconcile *Die Heilige Familie Oder Kritik Der Kritischen Kritik* of Marx and Engels with the prevailing Trade Union attitude on demarcation disputes in the field of magnetic rotary polarization units?

The Rabble-Rousing Approach

That's the third forty-guinea suit you've worn this week. How many forty-guinea suits have you got, then?

The Hall-Emptying Approach

Do you think it fair that Miss Jayne Mansfield should have been engaged to open the Conservative meeting down the road in five minutes' time?

— ALEX ATKINSON

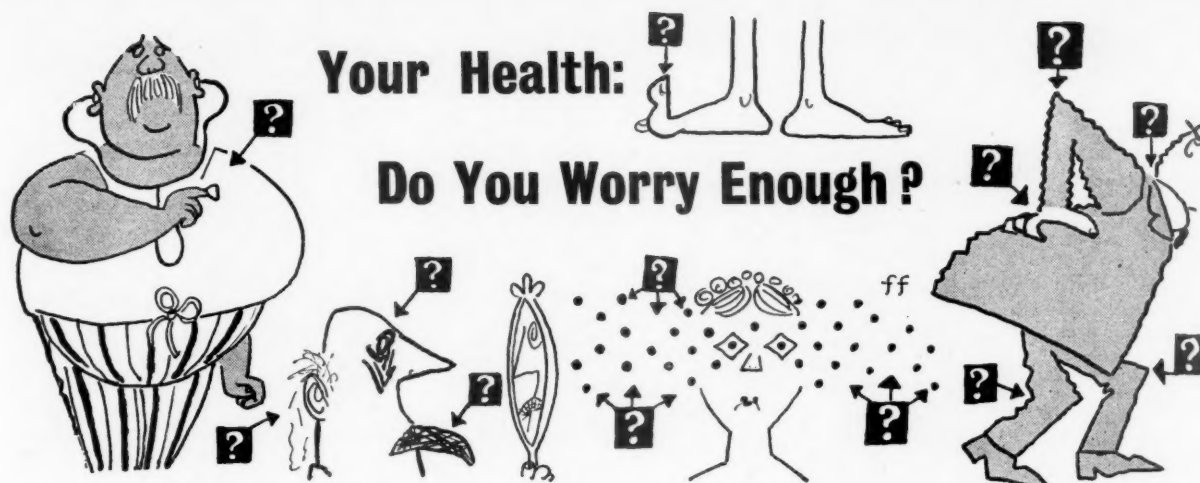
Man in Pain

by *Larry*





"This morning it's delicious apples and grapes."



INTRODUCTORY

THERE are men and women walking about to-day who should by rights be in bed with a good book. Are you one?

Do you shrug off shooting pains in the wrist, ascribing them to a mere passing subluxation of the radial head? Was your last pyleogram normal? A Mr. H. Kingcup, stopped by a B.M.A. pollster in the Edgware Road and asked this, didn't even know the meaning of the question.

How are your drug stocks? Could you easily lay your hand on corticosteroids, splints, self-sterilizing eye-drops and antidotes to the sting of the common horse-fly? Recent surveys show that despite more than ten years of the National Health Service seven households out of ten still have empty space on the shelves of their bathroom cabinets and whole families exist who admit to never having had a single intramuscular injection of œstradiol benzoate micro-crystals between them . . .

These facts are alarming, not least for our overcrowded medical profession. The standard of aware ill-health in this country, compared with that in, for instance, America, remains disgracefully low. The young doctor, freshly in practice with a permitted N.H.S. complement of fifteen hundred patients, is naturally disturbed to find a mere couple of dozen cards falling loosely about in his filing system, particularly

as he knows perfectly well that if he were to stop the first fifteen hundred persons through the barrier at any London terminus and get them into his consulting room he could find something wrong with each one of them, and in many instances win them as patients for life. Unfortunately his profession operates under serious inhibitions. Were he to diagnose advanced alcoholism in a stranger encountered in a bus, and tell him about it, with even the most glancing reference to his name, address, qualifications and surgery hours, he would very soon find himself struck off the register.

The responsibility for health-consciousness must therefore rest squarely on the citizen himself. Why does he not accept it? Why does a man habitually suffering from nausea on small boats not face the facts? If he did so, and asked at the nearest chemists for a little prochlorperazine maleate (or 2-chloro-10 [3-(4-methyl-piperazin-1-yl) propyl] phenothiazine dilameate), he would be doing a service to himself, his fellow-passengers, the ships' stewards and Britain's hardworking drug-houses.

It has been put forward that our newspapers and television services are doing much to keep the layman informed, and this is indeed true. Our feature-pages and cathode-tubes are richly packed with miracle anæsthetics, holes-in-the-heart, wonder drugs, dramatic surgical

feats and the love-lives of those who have answered the call to follow in the footsteps of Florence Nightingale. Whether such matter is in fact awakening the general public to the eternal battle against disease is to be doubted, however. It seems more likely that Health and Entertainment are becoming so intermingled that questions of bone-grafting, avascular neurosis, and so forth, seem to the man in the street to have their true existence only in a world of glamour and romance to which he himself would not presume to aspire. Any father of a viewing family who suddenly fell from his chair claiming the onset of aural vertigo would simply be laughed at and accused of coming the old Emergency Ward 10.

As neither the Ministry of Health nor the British Medical Association seem disposed to take action, it has been decided that the following pages shall be freely given over to an examination of British Health To-day. They should cause the majority of readers to go to bed and stay there, thus making more space available on the roads, in the public-houses and on building-site inspection platforms for those who have already formed the sensible habit of taking their temperature, pulse-rate and blood-count regularly every morning, and who *know* that they are a hundred per cent fit—or will at any rate last until they can collapse into their evening train.



Common Hazards of Everyday Diet

by a Dietician

ONCE every seven years the cells of the human body are renewed throughout. This means, in simple language, that the nose you were blowing in the winter of 1951 is not the nose you are blowing to-day; it has been subtly replaced by another, and it is one of the marvels of biochemistry that the new organ, by some means not wholly understood even by your doctor, accurately reproduces the design of the old. The old complaint about only having one pair of hands, seemingly so irrefutable, is therefore in fact absurd. A housewife of seventy is actually on her tenth pair.

How can these bizarre revelations be wrenched round to come under the title of this informative and searching article? It is not so difficult as may appear. What goes into the nose—and indeed into the hands, feet, ears, knees and other anatomical features too humorous to mention—is the daily flow of proteins

and vitamins which we call for convenience Food, and tend to think of in such sharply differentiated categories as meals, snacks, banquets, etc. The baked beans on toast of this morning will be our nose of 1966, and the same is true, if not truer, of the Scotchies-and-soda of this evening.

It is necessary to eat. On the other hand, by eating without proper thought and care we lay ourselves wide open to botulism (old fish-paste), paratyphoid (reheated meat pies), salmonella poisoning (imported frozen duck-eggs) and dislocation of the jaw (trying to bite over-large apples). The wise eater, confronted with a plate of food of any kind, will pause with knife and fork poised and ask himself the following questions:

- (a) Has the dog been at it?
- (b) Are there any relevant headlines in the day's paper? ("Roast Duck Kills Twelve," "Currant Chokes Archdeacon," "Doctor Blames Epidemic on Junket.")

- (c) Has it been cooked at a temperature of 380° F to ensure sterility?
- (d) Would a sanitary inspector eat it? If the answers are satisfactory he may proceed to eat it, provided that:

- (i) He still fancies it;
- (ii) His wife hasn't got up and left him;
- (iii) He can detect no cracks or chips in the crockery.

In certain cases (ii) is not necessarily a deterrent, but may in fact serve to release an unwonted flow of digestive juices; a simple laboratory test will show whether these are free from coagulase-positive staphylococci or other pathogenic bacteria inimical to the full development of his next seven-year nose.

Lastly, beware of injury caused by frozen fish, which should be brought out of the refrigerator in sufficient time to permit a natural thaw to set in. Premature tearing at close-packed, ice-bound fillets is frequently responsible for cuts and grazes about the hands and wrists; if the fillets are large, frost-bite, pulled elbow and ultimate collapse may well ensue.

When Sleep Won't Come

by a Physician

CAUSES of insomnia are many. Some are easily identifiable—dogs walking on the landing linoleum, twisted pyjama trousers, hallucinations about having swallowed the wire spring off a clothes peg—and capable of simple remedy: to discard pyjama trousers is the work of a moment; once awake, you are soon convinced that the clothes peg incident was imaginary, and, if not, an old-fashioned salt-and-water emetic should prove effective nine times out of ten. It may be more difficult to discover why the dog can't sleep either, but you can always have the landing carpeted.

What really causes the trouble in the small hours is the factor which defeats analysis. It is a sound principle to abandon all idea of sleep until you have decided *what is keeping you awake*. And make a thorough job of it. A half-formed conclusion that you are worrying about school-fees, or a missed opportunity for crushing repartee, or a suspected weakness in the garden hose-pipe junction may lull you into a momentary

drowsiness; but after three or four beatings of the pillow you are as wide awake as ever. *You have not exposed the real cause.*

Once you can honestly say to yourself "That is it," the next step is to remove the trouble. It may be, for instance, that the prospect of sherry with the Wiltwaters in about fourteen hours' time is preying on your subconscious. When you are certain of this, what could be simpler than to slip on your clothes, write a brief note to your hosts withdrawing your acceptance (give some reason: insomnia, perhaps?), drive over and slip it through their letter-box?

Lucky the man, however, whose night-time anxieties are thus susceptible of simple dismissal. For the rest of us, only cool and controlled philosophy will serve. Ask yourself, as you gyrate wide-eyed in the moonlight, whether it is really *necessary* to remember the next four bars of "Bach Goes to Town." Make an effort to change the mental subject. Think of something pleasant.

Should this not prove possible, and you take instead to counting your heartbeats, console yourself by (a) switching on the radio, where you may well hear an enjoyable interview programme between an American expatriate and a Magnitogorsk tractor-driver, and (b) reflecting that you average 3,000 hours' sleep a year and won't miss what is left of to-night's.

If all else fails you may send for your psychiatrist and have your problem solved professionally, though many insomniacs feel that to have an unshaven psychiatrist sitting on the edge of the bed at three in the morning, wellingtons showing under his pyjamas, is not likely to be resful in itself, no matter what inspired sortings of the id go with it. Statistics show, in any case, that most psychiatrists at that hour are already sitting on the edge of their own beds worrying about why *they* can't sleep.



Killer Games, Slayer Sport

by a Reformed Blue



START worrying about oxygen. Are you aware that the population of the globe is increasing so rapidly that by the year 2500 we shall be overflowing into the game reserves and every man Jack of us will have 74·8 blood relations? Are you aware that all these people will be breathing? We ought to start economizing right now. We must learn to breathe shallowly and *very* slowly. Doesn't it make your blood boil to see athletes burning up scarce oxygen with their stupid and exhausting games—puffing and panting in the most extravagant fashion and utterly regardless of other people's rights?

All active games are injurious to the nation's health. Rowing, as is well known, damages the heart and hardens the arteries. Members of Boat Race crews don't always live longer than seventy-nine years and then only by resorting to alcohol and aspirin. Cricket plays havoc with nerves. Football is a killer. For years the health authorities have tended to hush up the real facts about golf and tennis and the mortality rate among devotees. It stands to reason that the development of *uneconomic* muscle is a grave handicap to the body. Once you have acquired an enlarged biceps—through batting, boxing or rounders—the sinews have to be kept going, fed and nursed, and this

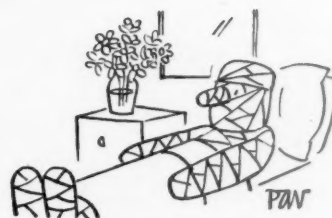
means that the rest of your body, the vital organs, have to go short of nourishment and attention. Can you afford all these extra mouths?

Most of the ailments that confront us nightly on the commercial screens of TV are the result of sport and games. Catarrh, or inflammation of the mucous membrane in the breathing passages, is brought on by the practice of gasping for breath. It is obvious that gasping greatly increases the intake of air-borne bodies such as germs, motes, flies, exhaust fumes, mosquitoes, hayseed, deodorants, pollen and bits of fluff, and it is these things, embedded in the nasal and sinus cavities, that produce chronic irritation and lasting discomfort.

Indigestion, flatulence, acidosis and "Table Top Torture" are all caused indirectly by violent exercise. Deep down in your inside nature has provided you with a marvellously efficient little mincing machine—not unlike Attachment 3A of your "Pulvermix" Kitchen Mixer—and it is this built-in gadget that enables you to digest all the stuff that you keep throwing down your throat. But the gadget is very sensitive: leaping, running and other physical contortions can easily throw it out of balance and mesh the gears. When athletes and ex-athletes feel pain between the shoulder-blades or behind the breast

bone it means that the rotor arms of the mincer have come adrift.

We tax our bodies quite enough in ordinary working hours. Every time we telephone we pick up a small dumb-bell, and a sports executive who sits at his desk for six hours a day soon acquires forearms of dangerous muscularity. The new Italian-style 'phones made of balsa wood are a great improvement on the burdensome G.P.O. affairs and have already proved capable of increasing output per man-hour by 4 per cent. Shaving, too, is far too exhausting for most men. It is not always realized that a close shave calls for twenty-five feet of razor contact, equivalent in expenditure of energy to a man laying two bricks. Multiply this by three hundred and sixty-five and you will see that a year's shaving is as arduous as building a fair-sized garden wall.



FALL-OUT FLASH

Up-to-the-minute news about radioactivity

Luminous bobby-sox may be a potential source of danger to the young, according to Dr. Blimus Appalling of El Camino College, California. Recent researches indicate that the coloured radiations emanating from them, combined with normal background radiation, may be sufficient to cause delinquent mutations of the type associated with the appearance in the body-cells of the so-called "blue genes."

*

It is estimated that in a million years the total mortality among British rabbits caused by the absorption of Strontium 90 into their bones would exceed the

highest annual figure recorded during the myxomatosis outbreak.

*

Scrambled eggs are more radioactive than fried eggs. This is due to the presence of radioactive isotopes in the butter which in turn is derived from fall-out in the pastures where the milk-giving cattle graze. Eggs fried in butter are more radioactive than eggs fried in dripping or olive oil.

*

Elvis Presley's new record, "I'm Radioactive Over You," has gone up to third place in the hit parade, an increase of 18·6 per cent over previous measurements.

THE WAITING ROOM

INCORPORATING PATIENTS' OWN & THE VALETUDINARIAN

THE ÆTIOLOGY OF INFRA-ORBITAL HYPERÆMIA IN MEDICAL MEN

By John B. Scaliger

Lifelong Dyspeptic, Winner of the Silver Medal for Self-Diagnosis (1954), Five Times Ejected from Surgeries, etc., etc.

SURPRISINGLY little work has been done on the ætiology of infra-orbital hyperæmia in medical men. Yet it is of importance to us all to know what it is that makes doctors go purple in the face with rage, whether our object be to induce that condition or to avoid it.

Doctors are trained not to show their emotions, to conceal the annoyance they normally feel beneath a mask of polite attention. Isolated pinpricks will not penetrate a skin toughened by months or years spent in hospital wards. But there is blood behind that cool, competent exterior none the less, and a series of swift jabs on the same spot will bring it surging to the cheeks. Take the case of Dr. X of Hartlepool, reported to me by a patient whom I will call Wilberforce.

The Superior Authority Syndrome

Dr. X is a man of about fifty-eight with a habit of making a rather dictatorial diagnosis after what many patients feel to be an over-brisk examination (*cf. The Waiting Room*, August 14, "He Never Even Rolled Back My Eyelids," by Mrs. Lydia Broome), and Wilberforce accordingly made the following three remarks to him in quick succession:

"Oh, but that can't be right because it started up before breakfast on Thursday."

"That's funny. The doctor I went to see about it in Skegness said the trouble was functional."

and

"I dare say I could find time to slip round to the hospital and let them have a dekko, if it's a bit out of your line."

The point to note here is that none of these observations, taken singly, would have ruffled a physician of Dr. X's experience. It was the swift succession of blows that got under his guard.

Wilberforce's report ends "I was so alarmed by his colour that I simply warned him to cut down on the carbohydrates, and left."

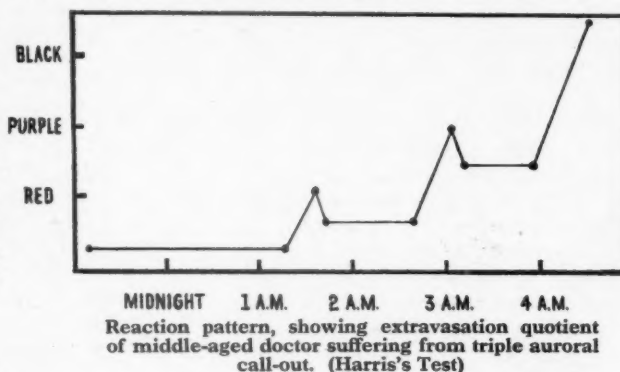
Notice to Readers

The needs of doctors have long been catered for by such publications as *The Lancet* and the *B.M.J.* "The Waiting Room" at long last provides a forum in which the problems, interests and outlook of the patient can be discussed and publicized.

Every Friday

Ninepence

Not all physicians, of course, react as readily as did Dr. X to appeals to higher authority or to suggestions that the diagnosis may be a mistaken one. Some of the younger set, indeed, quite openly discuss the possibilities with their patients and even ask them for their views. Men of this type empurple with difficulty, but may be susceptible to the



implied suggestion that they failed in their ambition to be consultants and only took up general practice as a last resort. "I suppose there are compensations in this kind of routine work, doctor," is a useful lead-in.

Next week I hope to deal with the more straightforward Nocturnal Hyperæmia (or Night Erythema, as it is colloquially called), and include in anticipation a simple diagram (above) which is well worth a moment's study by those readers who have telephones.



THE WAITING ROOM AWARD, 1959

Mr. and Mrs. Strangeways (above) have waited for a total of 654 hours 12 minutes (unfinished) up to the time of going to press.

Should a Patient Tell?

by *Ex-Alcoholic*

Now that the medical profession is being advised that in certain circumstances a doctor is justified in breaking his Hippocratic Oath (e.g. if he considers that a bus-driver's health makes him a danger to the public), the time has come for patients to reappraise their own position. Should we continue to tell the doctor what is the matter with us?

To this question it is hardly possible to give a categorical "yes" or "no." Obviously a man who wishes to receive beneficial treatment cannot conceal *all* his symptoms from his medical adviser, and equally obviously a cashier who suffers from kleptomania can no longer afford to make a clean breast of it. There appear, in the new situation that has arisen, to be three possible lines of conduct to pursue.

(a) Tell the doctor only as much as, in the circumstances, it is good for him to know. This is the policy that has long been adopted by doctors towards their patients, so there can be no recriminations on that score.

(b) Send a friend, in some other line of business, to consult your doctor in your place. Thus an engine-driver subject to cataleptic fits might safely ask a librarian or vicar, say, to stand in for him and give a faithful account of his symptoms; the doctor would not feel that it was his duty, in the public interest, to report the matter to the Town Clerk or Bishop. If the treatment advised involved personal attendance (e.g. electro-therapy) the engine-driver would then have to discover another complaint not disastrous in engine-drivers (e.g. melancholia) for which the same treatment might be efficacious (see "Some Substitute Ailments" in next week's *W.R.*), and go and describe the symptoms of that to his doctor.

(c) The third, and perhaps the best, plan is to find out something about the doctor which would discredit him with the local Medical Board, tell all, and strike a bargain.

This Week's Wrinkle

Are you worried by the crumbs
In your bed?

There's an easy answer, chums—
Cut out bread. MILLICENT
(And biscuits?—Ed. *W.R.*)

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC SOCIETY

Offers you:

A New Easy Safe Way to convince yourself and Baffle Your Doctor. Send for Free Booklet outlining over eighty diseases, including many never previously described. Profusely illustrated with diagrams showing by a new system of arrows exactly where discomfort should be felt.

SYMPTOMS! SYMPTOMS!!
SYMPTOMS!!!

HENDERSON'S KNEE-CAP GUARD



Simply strap on beneath the trouser leg, and leave the rest to your reflexes. Also in flesh-colour or neutral for lady's wear. **ONLY 18/6d**

THERE GOES THE CALAMINE LOTION AGAIN!

Those tiresome accidents in the bathroom can be banished for ever with

BUNTER'S EASIREACH MEDICINE CUPBOARD

No more stretching right over a row of tall bottles to get at the boracic powder. Bunter's EASIREACH is the only domestic medicine cupboard with recessed door-racks capable of holding up to a dozen bottles of linctus.

TAKE ALL THE DRUDGERY OUT OF CONVALESCENCE!

Lay that glossy magazine down for half a second while you stretch out an arm for a grape and hey presto! it's gone.



NIPITUP TONGS pick anything off the floor. No more hanging head downwards in a draughty bedroom! No more groping under the bed for stray cigarettes! No more disarranged bedclothes!

STRONG enough to lift the *Sunday Times*, Magazine Section and all!

CUT YOUR MEDICAL MAN DOWN TO SIZE!

Why be impressed by vague words like hepatic, tracheotomy and anticorticoxylophene, when they only mean liver, throat-slitting and something expensive from America? The Patient's Pocket Glossary lists over 5,000 medical terms and enables you, at a glance, to tell your doctor what he is talking about. At all bookstalls, 8/6d.

SHORTER NOTICES

Chronic bronchitic, tired of up-to-date treatment by brusque young doctor, would like to get in touch with *old-fashioned physician* willing to tap him on the chest two or three times and then tell him to run along and cut down his smoking. Lowestoft district. N.H.S. men need not apply. Phone: Bungay 40896. Eolian Hall, Battersea. Thursday, October 29, at 2.30. Mr. Augustus Flint will speak on Diseases for Men at the Top.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—It is all very well to say (*W.R.*, August 28) that brightly-patterned wallpaper helps to ward off influenzal depression. There were 786 small red roses on the wall opposite my bed at the first count and 804 at the second—and even when I get that point settled there will still be all those forget-me-nots to reckon up. Give me an off-white distemper, I say, and let me get some sleep.

H. PURVIS (NORWICH)

P.S.—I make it 818 now, reckoning 24 by extrapolation in the bottom right-hand corner, behind the wastepaper-basket. Is this a record for East Anglia?

SIR,—Your readers may be interested to know that the Slipped Disc Club (Birmingham and West Midlands Branch) held a most successful combined Outing last Saturday with the Worcester Dyspeptics. Visits were paid to the Vertebrate Museum at Kidderminster and to a bismuth factory near Selly Oak.

X-ray photographs were exchanged at the end of the day, and everybody agreed that the joint outing was a huge success. Meeting members of a club with different interests does save one from getting into a groove!

Anyone interested in joining the S.D.C. should write to me, c/o *The W.R.*, enclosing X-ray or doctor's certificate.

OSWALD BENTWORTHY
(Head Vertebra, S.D.C.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Limp: Its Uses and Abuses (Hatter & Bull, 7/6d). A useful summary of some of the ways in which a limp may be employed to smooth life's journey. The section on the Intermittent Limp will be particularly valuable to those who wish to avoid games without having to give up dancing.

Four Hundred Pills that Every Man Should Know. (Pharmaceutical Press, 15/-).

I Was a Doctor Once (Hatter & Bull, 12/6d). Twenty-four ex-doctors, each of whom has been struck off the Medical Register, tell closely guarded secrets of their quondam profession. The most hilarious and revealing book that has come our way since *Quack! Quack!*

At the moment a man has no way of knowing, as he bites his nails in a new, strange waiting-room, putting the finishing touches to the saga of the Funny Lump that keeps coming up on his elbow, whether he is going to be patted on the shoulder by a kindly old G.P. with white hair who abhors new-fangled gadgets and swears by leeches and plenty of good, fresh air, or whether some psychologist *manqué* with burning eyes is going to leap out of a swivel chair and accuse him of an unsublimated boyhood desire to elope with his grandmother. With doctors advertising regularly, such uncertainties would be swept away.

The form of such advertisements must clearly depend on the fancy or shrewdness of the doctor concerned—or of the agency that handles his account.

There is first of all the *Discreet*

Doctors Should Advertise

by an Advertising Executive



Approach, characterized by an announcement in the Personal Column:

Free! Amazing Offer! 4-oz. bottle of Tonic to every new patient! Delicate pink shade, exciting new smell, will not stain the teeth! Write, call or 'phone. Dr. Phloss, The Hollies, Huggleby.

The *Grim Warning Method* might appeal in some cases:

You May Feel Fit . . .

But behind those clear eyes who knows what hidden dangers lurk? Only Dr. P. R. Angle (Tel.: 4125). Under that unblemished skin, who can detect the forces of debility, malnutrition, and flatulence that lie in wait to drag you down? None but Dr. Angle. Remember . . . over-confidence can do you untold

harm. Let Dr. Angle cure it once and for all.

The *Unsolicited Testimonial* would certainly pay dividends in this field:

"I could not do a thing with my leg until Dr. Rummer had a look at it."—Mrs. E. B. M., Bridge Avenue.

"After three years with Dr. Rummer I can honestly say you couldn't wish for better, and always so nice-spoken with it."—Housewife (name and address supplied).

"More than pleased. After three specialists had given me up, Dr. Rummer did the trick in one bottle. Would not be without him."—D. W., Church Street.

In certain special cases the *Shameless Ogle Technique* might seem appropriate:

MEN! Register now with Dr. April Flutter. *Only a few vacancies left!*

This attractive, ash-blond medico is ready to give you the benefit of her vast experience. Strictest confidence, of course. When did you last have your pulse taken?

For doctors with a limited advertising budget the *Card in the Window* is the obvious answer. Here are a few samples. Much, of course, would depend on the quality of the lettering employed:

WARTS REMOVED WHILE YOU WAIT
TEN MINUTES TO SPARE? WHY NOT POP
IN FOR A CHECK UP?

NASTY COUGHS A SPECIALITY. WHY BE
A MARTYR?

WANT A DOCTOR'S NOTE? COME IN!
Finally, I would recommend the
Contemporary Line, for doctors who
wish to catch the eye of the sophisticated.

**Smart Patients are Switching to
Dr. Plush!**

The trend to-day is towards cerise lightweight steel filing-cabinets in the surgery . . . consultations to music . . . subtly warmed stethoscopes . . . exclusive ailments to intrigue your friends . . . X-ray photos in colour on the new wide screen . . . a resident waiting-room chanteuse . . . prescriptions you can read, monogrammed pills in slick personalized non-spill containers . . . Change now to Derek Plush, M.D., and let your visits to the doctor add excitement to your life. You can tell a Plush patient anywhere by the spring in his step, the shine on his car, the leisure he has for long, carefree evenings in coffee-bar or cocktail-lounge. A man in your position *deserves* Dr. Plush.



"I just couldn't lie here all day and do nothing."

You Think You're Sane, But . . .

by a Psychiatrist



DO you sometimes think that the funny little things you do are the same as the funny little things all the other people do and that *therefore you are sane?*

Then let me tell you about poor X, a jolly grass widower who had asked me round for a cup of tea. Finding the canister empty, he proceeded to pour the whole of the new packet into the teapot, remarking that he did this once every three packets, and what the hell.

Something about this bluff man's ordinariness had roused my professional interest. When a minute later the electric kettle began its familiar crescendo and he hurried to the window to see who was driving up his garden path, my fears were confirmed. By a simple non-technical chat I was able to convince him that *being like other people is in itself a serious mental disorder* and needs long and expensive treatment.

Now after fourteen sessions X is already revealing himself as a bad case. He has confessed that at heart he thinks of Beverley Baxter as a tennis girl; that

his alarm clock ticks Wolverhampton Wolverhampton on the lucky mornings and Inclination Inclination on the unlucky; that last Saturday, in a desperate hurry to get the wash done before it rained, he painted two china candlesticks and a brass tray with gold radiator paint and scraped it off.

A patient in this condition will struggle against the truth. At our last session X said proudly that though he knew no people at all could see the backs of their own necks, yet he genuinely hoped to get a glimpse of his one day and surely this was not "being like"? But when I looked him in the eye and said quietly "Not?" he broke down and had a shouting fit.

Or I could tell you of Mrs. Y, who came to me because, after years of waiting angrily at the grocer's behind silly women buying bacon last thing on Saturday, she suddenly thought why *she* was there. Or about Miss Z, who when asked point-blank "Why do you call your cat's dinner din-dins?" answered "Because that is what he calls it."

But now about you. *How like other people are you?*

Do you, when friends are on the way over, experience a wave of loathing followed by a wave of longing passionately to see them? Do you know at last what colour a three-halfpenny stamp is? Do you wish those next to you in a theatre would clap more? When you watch birds are you likely to see a Great Spotted Woodpecker tugging a scrap of bacon from a vole? How long did you take learning how to pronounce Nigel Balchin? When you make a telephone call can you tell in an uncanny way from the ringing note if you're going to be answered? Do you get nails out with your best chisel or your best screwdriver? Do you seriously believe that the people round you in buses have Christian names?

Then, as I explained to X, you are indeed a victim of psychiatry's newest and most deadly affliction and all you can do is place yourself in the hands of a recognized practitioner.

The Rushingham Experiment

by an Industrial Psychologist

THE publication yesterday of the first Progress Report on the Rushingham Experiment will help to relieve widespread concern about the dangerous over-loading of our hospital services, reflected in the ever-lengthening lists of those clamouring for beds.

The object of the experiment was to investigate the possibility of absorbing surplus hospitalization material by raising the Patient Turnover. This was to be accomplished by the application of new and intensive methods of treatment.

The main purpose of the team of investigators at Rushingham Hospital was to secure a significant acceleration in the passage of units through the pipe-line, and every stage between input and output was scrutinized minutely with this end in view. The first innovation, and perhaps the most interesting, was the Express Convalescence Ward, into which flows all the post-

treatment material. Here the lighting is switched off or on at six-hourly intervals, dislocating the unit's time orientation, and in effect converting one day into two. (Watches are, of course, confiscated). The intervals between the specially aerated meals are halved, and quick-burning cigarettes are issued to smokers. Instead of radio programmes, extracts from Wagnerian opera are played at double volume during the hours of light. Expectation was that the period of convalescence might be halved, but in fact the highly satisfactory reduction of 58.2 per cent has been achieved. An interesting sidelight is a 37 per cent acceleration in male unit beard-growth.

Vigorous efforts have been made to speed the transfer of theatre output into the rehabilitation gymnasium, and although the time may yet be far distant when material can be piped

straight from the table on to the parallel bars, nevertheless,

by the use of post-operative hypnosis and powerful new stimulants, substantial progress has been achieved.

The whole mass of clerical work upon which unit movements through the system depends is carried out by machines, thus freeing personnel for intensive nursing. Only one mistake has been noted in seven months' operation, when an overheated bearing caused a tonsillectomy to be fed into the pipe-line a second time.

Thanks to the devoted efforts of this dedicated band of workers at Rushingham, it well may be that many a surplus hospitalization unit in the evening of life will yet find that place upon the operating-table of which he had long ago begun to despair.





Health and the P.R.O.

(An Anthology of Recent Correspondence)

SIR,—The reported warning by Dr. Hugh Kropp that the polishing of silver may lead to Butler's Thumb must not be allowed to go without challenge. A recent paper by Dr. P. Horse, Medical Officer to my Federation, in our *Journal* quotes statistics which prove conclusively that covering the thumb-balls with a protective coating of acetone before polishing gives complete protection. If additional precautions be required, a course of protective injections can be arranged through the National Health Service.

TERENCE MULVANEY, *Public Relations Officer, The Silver Polish Federation.*

SIR,—During a no doubt jocular speech to the Royal College of Surgeons Sir Jackson Lockley-Thomas referred to the dangers of tricycling to the old in years but young in spirit. Sir Jackson's references to the effect on the coccyx ran completely counter to the experimental results obtained by my company, whose Joint Deputy Managing Director is himself a scientist. Our Research Team discovered unanimously that tricycling is beneficial rather than the reverse and is of particular value to the coccyx.

MADGE BATES, *Press Officer, The Surrey and Northampton Tricycle Mfg. Corp.*

SIR,—It was a shock to all of us who work in the wine-glass industry to find that on p. 1205 of the fifteenth edition of Hagg and Wilcox's *Introduction to Diseases of the Middle Spleen* the authors resurrect the hoary legend that chewing wineglasses leads to halitosis. Sir Richard Grenville is generally thought to have done pretty well against outnumbering odds and he was a wineglass chewer. The modern wineglass is pleasant and healthy to chew. Most suppliers will be pleased to quote special terms for wineglasses adapted for customers with dentures.

OSCAR FLAT, *Personal Assistant to the Chairman, Mannix, Grant and Hop-along, Ltd.*

SIR,—Surely the melodramatic warnings about lacrosse recently delivered by the Director of the Gulbenkian Institute for Growing Girls were excessive. Here and there cases of tennis elbow directly attributable to pique at being dropped from a lacrosse team may have occurred; but I cannot help feeling that the poor old body-mind relationship has been terribly overdone recently. The psychological factor in tennis-elbow-proneness has never, to my mind, been satisfactorily established. Until the figures from the proposed Texan investigation are ready, which may not be until 1969, I suggest that, in all fairness, judgment should be reserved.

PAUL M. NOON, *Public Relations Officer to the Lacrosse Defence League.*

SIR,—I cannot believe that Dr. Wilfred Ewe was serious when he told his audience at Eton the other day, "My advice to you lads is always to have one doughnut less than you want." Surely Dr. Ewe must know, as a man of science, that Knocke and Himmeldorf have shown conclusively that the life-span of fruit-flies fed on doughnuts is significantly greater than that of fruit-flies fed on other foods. Doughnuts form part of the rations in every lifeboat in Guatemala. The doughnut is not merely a treat, enjoyable though it be. It is a concentrated food containing every substance of which the growing body is in need.

GOMER BROWN, *Vice-President in Charge of Presentation, The Doughnut Corporation.*

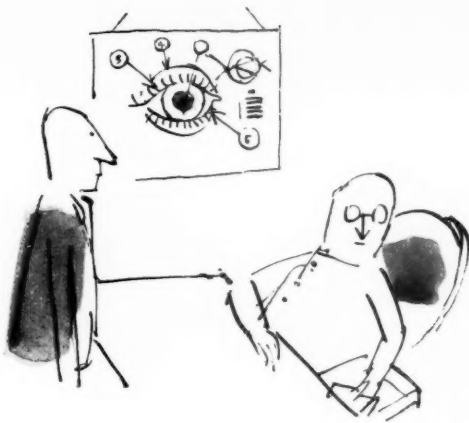
SIR,—Professor Lois Byng's warning to mothers not to allow children to play with matches cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. In the latest issue of our House Magazine, "Physician" makes a very strong case for . . .

CURRENT AND CHOICE

(A SELECTION OF INTERESTING NEW AILMENTS)

	Symptoms	Origin	Treatment	Remarks
Paradidiosis	Acute pain in fibula and, in male patients, loss of moustache	Infection from bite of parasitic flea of Hewison's Ape	3 mmg. diphtheneo-bombazine* every half-hour	Very rare. A collector's piece
Butterwick's Disease	Painful rash behind ears. Acute discoloration of kneecaps	Malfunctioning of glands controlling digestion of crab	Large doses of any drug* costing more than £20 an oz.	Likely to become very fashionable in 1960
Greene's Syndrome	Patient laughs inanely at end of all sentences	Over-indulgence in mass media	Homœopathic use of tape-recorder*	Danger of nervous disorders in patient's relatives
Zen	Either flattening of top of skull or lack of balance	Epidemic infection from Orient	Apply mustard plaster to the affected part	Isolation does no harm either
The Droops	Melancholia. Shaking of the head. Fits of shivering	Prolonged reflection on the human situation	4 fingers alcohol* at frequent intervals	Cherish this patient. There ought to be more like him

*If not available apply mustard plaster to the affected part



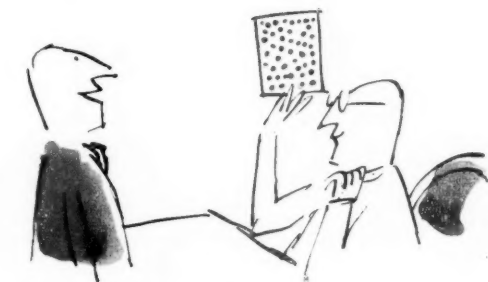
"Seven"



"Four"



"Eight"



"Twenty-three"



"Thirty-seven"

WK



No Public Outcry Yet

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

I WAS glad to see, the other Monday, that the *Daily Telegraph* had lumped all the robbed banks, cinemas, shops and post offices into a column headed "Weekend Raids," and I hope other papers will follow suit. It's about time that crime had its own self-contained spot, like sport and politics and television. Crime reporting has become more and more disorganized, with a £30,000 grab-gang making the front page, and coshed watchmen and battered postmistresses dotted about quite indiscriminately elsewhere. Personally, I would like to see an even greater improvement. Couldn't we have the whole thing boiled down to an easy-to-read panel of itemized events?

Yesterday's Crime in Brief

	£	s	d
East Anglian Bank	14,000	0	0
West Anglian Bank	28,195	0	0
Gravesend Grocery Co.	131	9	0
Hatton Goldsmiths Ltd.	6,665	0	0
Leominster Cheeseworks	1,540	0	10
Various Sub-Post Offices	2,290	0	0
Various Mail-Vans (approx.)	12,070	0	0
Riviera Cinema, Wapping	6	9	

One effect of this would be to deny the criminal the added enjoyment of gloating over his headlines. Why should he have all the fun of fame as well as a warehouseful of mink and gold watches? And the ordinary, law-abiding reader would be spared all that stale wading through the columns of small type with which reporters still strive to gloss the tedium of crime fact with the glamour of crime fiction. It's not as if they take any of us in. We all know that the "masked bandit" is only a youth-club refugee with a handkerchief round his face: the "master mind," out of Fu Manchu by Professor Moriarty, nothing but an ex-green grocer's roundsman with a flair for spotting unlatched lavatory windows.

Most important of all, the reduction of crime reporting to bare essentials will go far to lay the spectre of crime-worship. Whether they intend it or not, the newspapers get an admiring glee into their accounts of a really rewarding safe-blowing; the accent is implicitly on the ingenuity and daring of the gang, and the inept helplessness of the gagged and bound. There is a swashbuckling air about a £50,000 robbery in a full

width front page headline; the village sweet-shop proprietor who "defies gunmen" (they turned and ran when she picked up her toffee-hammer) only gets two inches on an inside page.

The papers may not care for the idea of playing down crime, but it might give them a useful edge over their rivals, the television networks, who are years behind in their news treatment anyway, and are just beginning to play it up. We have lately seen many, and are likely to see more, reels of so-called news film in which the managers of robbed establishments, as if they haven't had enough for one day already, tell their stories to the great viewing public. First, the studio news-reader, barely able to keep the enthusiasm out of his voice, tells us that when Mr. Moggs, Manager of the Middlesex Bank, arrived at the office he found that the safe door had been blown off and £10,000 taken. Then the film comes on:

INTERVIEWER: Tell us exactly what happened, Mr. Moggs.

MOGGS: Well, I came to the office this morning and—

INTERVIEWER: At the usual time?

MOGGS: At the usual time, yes, and I found things in a—in a—

INTERVIEWER: Chaotic condition?

MOGGS: Definitely in a chaotic condition.

INTERVIEWER: Did you notice anything particular?

MOGGS: Yes, definitely. The safe door was off, and all twisted and—

INTERVIEWER: Buckled?

MOGGS: It was buckled, yes. (*Shot of safe door, twisted and buckled*).

INTERVIEWER: Was anything missing at all?

MOGGS: Ten thousand pounds.

INTERVIEWER: Thank you very much.

The mien of Moggs throughout is that of a man stunned but respectful, as before an act of God. More often than not he is unable to pronounce the letter "r", and his suit bags disgracefully. This sort of thing is bad enough when the papers do it, but at least the reader is allowed to retain something of his private conception of a bank manager as a spruce, square-jawed fellow, who, had he only been around at the time of the break-in, would have banged a few masked heads together. This living and moving Moggs is a pigeon for the plucking if ever there was one; the effect on the impressionable viewer is to heighten still further the romantic conception of the gallant bravadoes who came by night and coolly cleared out his safe. What's the nation coming to, his subconscious may demand, if it's nothing but Moggses? You'll never recruit a commando from *them*. Perhaps it's just as well that there are a few adventurous spirits around still, with the blood of Dick Turpin coursing through their admittedly lawless, but what the hell, veins!

What we want, in the papers and on the screen, is an occasional parade of these dashing denizens of the underworld, relieved of their masks and guns and packets of gelignite; nice, revealing, frank, close-up pictures. Once they are exposed to the world as a spotty-faced collection of opportunist workshy both Fleet Street and the TV would have to give up all those heroics.



A series defining moments of crisis and redirection in private lives

turning point



The Taste of Pencil

By Jo Packer

AS a writer who, rather than get down to it, prefers to look at the multiplication tables on the back of the exercise book, I found Nigeria an absorbing spiritual home. Acquiring a tan at the same time, I was able to loaf in the sun and study lizards. They rushed from hiding places and indulged in mating habits like guerrilla warfare. There were also birds, so highly coloured they would blind you as soon as look at you. I stared at them through sunglasses, hopefully strewing pieces of broken biscuit.

Out of all my multiplication table days I remember best the one preceding the morning of my turning point. It was spent on the sun balcony of my uncle's house. I had expected, on

arrival in Nigeria, to see the only sun balcony the roof of a mud hat. This notion had fallen flat when the house hove into view. It was exactly the same as the residence in the building society advertisement.

The top half of my sunbathing ensemble was a green silk scarf. The bottom was a pair of royal blue Grecian bloomers, given by my sister, who used to do P.T. in them at school. Besides lizards and birds, I watched men. African and European, they travelled the Government Reservation road and watched me. Whether they thought me desirable or daft, I wasn't pleased to wonder.

Evening began to fall. I had written one-tenth of a chapter. I left it with the

rest of the MS. as I changed for dinner. The dress I chose was a high-necked black. Once, wearing hair-curlers, I had endeavoured to hide the sight from Haliru, the African houseboy. He had spotted me. "You are like a chameleon!" was his admiring comment. Now I lived, and dressed, in the hope of hearing him say it again.

Dinner over, I demanded a drink. "Gin and sin," I said, meaning gin and Cinzano. Uncle James fetched and served it. He was a kind-hearted man. He could easily have served me with an eviction order.

At ten o'clock, he went round putting up his "booby traps." These were tin trays balanced on the knobs of all downstairs doors and French windows. Should a thief turn a knob, the tray would fall, and down would come Uncle, old stone-axe and all.

"Are you tired, nervy, depressed?" I asked Aunt Margo. The wind often floored the trays, too. "O peaceful England!" I added, a reminder that her leave wasn't due for another year.

Public opinion forced me upstairs sooner than I wished. In the bathroom I sang hit tunes, which I knew my elders hated. In bed I settled down to read a mammoth bound copy of *Daily Sketches*, tossing aside my set book, *Everyman's Africa*. I went to sleep with the light on and the sun balcony doors unlocked.

I woke at six-thirty to find a strange emptiness in the room. My two suitcases had gone from the corner. The wardrobe door swung wide to reveal nothing within.



'You mean the British can choose which toys they buy from us?'

I knew that Aunt Margo was keen to put my best dresses in a great pirate's chest of a trunk down in the storeroom. But she would barely be up, let alone dragging my suitcases to lower regions. I investigated further.

Lipsticks in gilt cases were gone, though plastic-covered ones remained. The glitter of gems was no more. Shoes had been harvested from various parts of the room. My handbag had been snatched. The greatest loss, however, was my writing-case. It contained the MS. of the book, plus carbon copies; the sweat of my brow and the sag of my chin.

I realized that I had been robbed. The wind went out of my sails. Becalmed somewhere in the middle of the Pacific I sat on the bed and recalled how I had messed around the previous day. How I had leered at lizards, peered at birds, and schemed for the houseboy's sweet words instead of writing a few on the page in front of me. I had treated the house as a honky-tonk, one of my benefactors as a barman and the other as a breakdown case. I had let a light shine out and a shady character slide in.

"It's an omen," I thought. "I am not suited to be a writer. I have put my hand to the plough and repeatedly looked back. Now the plough has run away. I shall return to base, or rather Birmingham, never to write a commercial word again."

I crept to my aunt's and uncle's bedroom and tapped on the door. "Someone's burgled me," I moaned.

Uncle James appeared, vast and efficient in his Celanese pyjamas. He inspected my room. "Didn't lock your balcony doors, did you?" he scored.

I admitted it, drooping like a pre-Bathjoy lady. I agreed about my carelessness, foolishness, and presumption to Know Best. With a shrug of the shoulders Uncle James went to 'phone the police.

It was while he was dialling the number that he noticed objects in the garden which weren't flowers or the gardener. "Take a look!" he shouted.

I ran down the balcony steps in my baby-doll pyjamas. I sprinted through the shrubs and came upon my suitcases. Bulging with clothes, they lay there as surely as loaded dice.

Uninterested, for the time being, in worldly goods, I scabbled in search of the writing case. Fateful seconds

marched by in goosetstep. Then it crawled out from beneath a suitcase. I grabbed it with the speed of a widow spider grabbing her man. Uncle James strolled up.

"Like to know what saved you?" he asked. "I've just found the front door booby trap on the ground. Your thief, thinking the whole family might possibly be stupid, must have tried the door before he left. The noise sent him to bush empty-handed. You're lucky, my girl."

That is why now, several months later, I am sitting on the deck of a cargo boat, continuing my career. I

can tell you that flying fish are suicidal fools. Porpoises are more entertaining than Pa Kettle. And this pencil tastes wonderful.

Further contributors to this series will be:

MALCOLM BRADBURY
SIRIOL HUGH-JONES
J. MACLAREN-ROSS
J. P. MALLALIEU
PHILIP OAKES
KENNETH J. ROBINSON
PATRICK RYAN
JOHN WAIN

Man in Apron

by *Larry*



Toby Competitions

No. 80—Mac and Hugh Went Up the Hill

MANY traditional nursery rhymes are said to have had a hidden political allusion. Competitors are invited to write a modern nursery rhyme with a contemporary political slant.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries by first post on Friday, October 2, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 80, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 77 (Brighter Soccer)

Proposals for enlivening professional football with the aid of the money now available to the authorities from the pools promoters were invited. Nothing very dazzling emerged; the recurrent theme was violence. The winner was:

J. H. POLFREY
FIRCROFT
BROADWATER RISE
GUILDFORD

who recommended the display of gigantic boards bearing the following details:

Before Game Begins

1. Title of team.
2. Total market value of team.

3. Highest price paid for any present player.
4. Number of players on transfer list.
5. Name of team manager.

During Game

6. The score.
7. Last goal scored by . . .
8. How scored: (a) headed; (b) kicked; (c) "Own goal"; (d) fluke.
9. Last player "off-side."
10. Total of "Off-sides" this match.
11. (a) Last player to miss a sitter; (b) his present market value, as estimated and announced by supporters.
12. Number of players on transfer list at half-time.

After Final Whistle

13. Referee's (proper) name.
14. Number of supporters treated for: (a) hysteria; (b) nausea; (c) loss of voice; (d) manic depression; (e) St. Vitus's dance.
15. Number of players now on transfer list.
16. Present market value of team.
17. Name of present team manager.

Book tokens to the following, some of whom are quoted in part:

Since football has spread to the Continent and foreign exponents of the game have infused it with a new agility not far short of acrobatic skill, the logical development of the sport should include a small band equipped with loud amplifiers to emit long drum-rolls when a goal seems about to be scored, and to accompany a goal-scorer in his song of triumph after it has been scored.—*R. N. T. Burke, Angel Hotel, Topcliffe, Yorks.*

Improved target areas should be provided: spaces bounded by three sets of goal-posts additional to the existing posts, each clearing the other by a fifteen-inch surround. Goals will still be goals, but near-misses will score thus: an inner—3 points; a mid-inner—2 points; an outer—1 point. A total of 20 points will equal a goal, and under 20 scores will be carried forward.—*L. J. Hughes, 23 Cherry Garden Lane, Folkestone*

The purpose of attending a football match as a spectator is largely to "support" the team of one's choice by advice and to assist the referee. This participation, at present ill-organized, can be confusing to a player who is simultaneously advised to shoot, and to pass, and told that he is offside. I suggest the installation of equipment for the collection and collation of all expressions of opinion, the selection of the majority view, and for the instant delivery through loud-speakers to the players and referee of pre-recorded, clear and authoritative direction of their actions. Each spectator-position should be fitted with a keyboard on the lines of the voting machine used in the American Congress.—*John Stobart, Post Office, Slapton, Kingsbridge, Devon*

Let each watcher have his individual weather-proof cubicle (first or second class, furnished according to British Railways standards). Let each cubicle have two television sets, one closed-circuit for watching the game at the sports ground, the other for switching to a national fixture if the local game is unsatisfactory. Each cubicle should have a microphone so that spectators can let off steam by shouting "Kill the referee!"—*S. L. Short, 49 Alva Way, Carpenters Park, Watford, Herts.*

Make the following novelties available for hire:

Unbreakable polythene bottles for mass free distribution at gate: may be thrown far on to pitch by even the most enfeebled spectators; guaranteed harmless; recoverable.

Convincing plastic imitation leek, sham-rock, thistle, etc., for ready attachment to goal-posts at all international fixtures.

A spectator-labour-saving device: pre-recorded "support" disc (equivalent to 5,000 rattles at 100 rotations a minute) for non-stop loudspeaker amplification throughout game.—*Martin Fagg, 22 Pine-wood Road, Bromley, Kent*

Two five-minute periods of licensed foul-play to be introduced, during which time every rule may be flouted. Owing to the free fights that are likely to result substitutes will be permitted. Into these "Roman" periods spectators will be able to canalize their aggressive instincts against the visiting team.—*C. L. Lyall, 5 Weston Road, Petersfield, Hampshire*

☆

"CAFE, SNACK BAR, TEA GARDEN, near REIGATE.—An amazing business, occupying wonderful position, on constantly busy main London/Brighton Road, with private 100-car park at side. Really THRIVING cafe, serving regular COACH TRADE. Takes over £300 weekly, shows £40 clear profits, has new 21-year lease and delightful, SELF-CONTD. FLAT above, with all rms. being over 20-ft. square. Business is contained in 3 cafes. At £3,350 is an UNREPEATABLE BARGAIN and only for sale due to wife's nervous breakdown."—*Daltons Weekly*
There's always something.



"Pardon, Monsieur . . . veuillez m'indiquer la route pour Dover?"



The Owner Goes on Board

IT is not often that the tang of the sea enters the nostrils of company finance. For one of these rare occasions one has to thank the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Co. which a few days ago organized a stockholders' visit to the *Iberia* lying at Tilbury dressed over-all for the occasion.

In the company world the art of public relations falls into three parts—with the general public, with the employees, and with the proprietors or stockholders. Of these the last is usually considered the least important. The one occasion on which the stockholder comes into direct contact with the enterprise of which he owns a small part is the annual meeting. There he can see the directors face to face.

If he comes to London to take part in this annual ritual he will, more often than not, find it a depressing occasion. The meeting will probably be held in one of the dimly lit, cavernous halls that are let out in varying sizes for this purpose. The meeting will probably be poorly attended unless things have gone very wrong during the previous year, when (as the B.S.A.—Docker fracas showed) the largest hall that London has on offer may be needed. The stockholder will feel almost an intruder, particularly if he dares to open his mouth, for most chairmen deal frigidly with interruptions from the floor.

This is in total contrast with company meetings in the United States, where such affairs are truly attuned to a stockholding democracy and where the stockholder is made to feel, and therefore behaves, as one of the family.

That was precisely the atmosphere created for the P. and O. stockholders when they were welcomed by the chairman of the company, Sir William Currie, and Captain Mallet, as they went up the gangway of the *Iberia*.

The attendance of stockholders was remarkable for the predominance of women. They outnumbered the men by about 3 to 2. That, too, is in the American tradition, as all who saw the

film *The Gold-Plated Cadillac* will recall. After ship inspection, cocktails on the promenade deck, and lunch served with a minimum of oratory, every stockholder present not only felt at home but was conscious of holding a piece of highly efficient property.

A company capable of this imaginative behaviour has a great deal to commend it to the investing public. The P. and O., like all shipping companies, has lately been going through a thin time. Sir William Currie, when he last addressed the stockholders (and it was in no dimly lit City cavern but in the Queen's Room in the *Baltic*), spoke candidly of the shipping slump, of the surplus of tanker tonnage, and of the grinding handicaps of inordinately high shipbuilding costs and subsidized foreign competition. Despite these difficulties the company was able to show a profit for 1958 greater than that of the previous year.

There has been no evidence so far this year of a recovery in tramp shipping

freight rates, and this must be affecting the company's profits. On the other hand the passenger business is doing well and will do better still when more of the company's ships are air-conditioned. The *Iberia* is about to go to Belfast to have these modern appurtenances of sea-going comfort added. The work will be done by Harland and Wolff. Thereafter she will return to the Australia and Pacific run where she will no doubt filch more customers away from the American lines that operate there.

P. and O. shares yield 5·7 per cent on a dividend that was nearly three times covered by the 1958 profits. Harland and Wolff, who are doing the air-conditioning work, yield 8 per cent—a figure in keeping with the difficulties of the shipbuilding industry. On the theory that shares should be bought when the companies concerned are being tested by adversity, there is much to be said in favour of these two sound securities.

— LOMBARD LANE

* * *

In the Country



Golf Needs a Gimmick

BIG golf seems to be doing less and less to provide entertainment for the casual spectator; and putting aside rather futile personal idiosyncrasy in dress—resuscitation of plus-fours, boiler suits and baseball caps, etc.—the top professional has come mistakenly to rely on a monotonous stringing together of threes and fours to keep him in the news.

It must be the only game (possibly with one exception—Glasgow Rangers v. Celtic any New Year's day) during which more spectators are hurt than players, cf. "Rees's drive luckily bounced off the head of a man in the gallery and rolled to within two feet of the pin." But even that kind of unnatural hazard has lost its attraction; what is needed is for this report to read: "Rees's drive luckily bounced on Bousfield's head," etc., and then even the cognoscenti would have sat up and taken notice.

One remembers with a sigh Walter Hagen playing an exhibition round in Scotland* wearing a borrowed kilt. Five thousand men, women and children rushed madly through the green and over the heather after him (at two-and-sixpence a head in those days) excitedly and hopefully wondering what he would do next. The great Jim Barnes, if he missed a short putt, was quite likely to take a billiards cue "out of the bag" and put the ball into the hole.

A slice into the trees is not normally followed by a scampering, shouting mass of supporters. A few relatives, maybe; but the average spectator knows that the ball will prosaically and inevitably in due course sail out and over the trees on to the green. And yet if you and I could be delightfully held in suspense, by doubt as to whether the player might—just might—be found reading a newspaper (as Warwick Armstrong did once while fielding in a Test Match) then every round of every tourney would make that front page.

Admitted that the golfer is not submitted to the kick-and-thrust dangers other sportsmen face. His opponent can't hand him off or rap his knuckles with a fast rising ball. But surely he could, for instance, make more of slipping discs, locking hips, and/or stringing hams in crises.

— FERGUSON MACLAY

* Aviemore G.C. circa 1928; this writer was wearing a kilt himself.

Babes in Arms

IT is a very military Military Hospital, the Maternity Ward not excepted. The sisters are all captains or majors, no less, and have a way of shouting orders reminiscent of a Royal Tattoo. The colonel, large and incongruously male among all this aggressive feminism, makes his rounds at 1600 hours, barking "Boy? Girl? Got what you wanted, eh? Any complaints?" as if babies could be returned to store like wrongly-indented-for sacks of potatoes.

The babies themselves are drilled like crack troops, wheeled in sharp at feeding times on long multiple trolleys, twelve at a time, wrapped in their uniforms of pink or blue cot-sheets. Roaring, squirming or dead to the world, they have a semblance of discipline, and whether or not they have drunk their fill in half an hour, back they are marched to the nursery at the double.

FOR
WOMEN



By comparison, the mothers are a disorderly batch of ragged recruits. Having our babies at all times of the day or night, instead of neatly by numbers; wandering about in dressing-gowns and smoking during working hours; our beds not a neat array of folded blankets and blanched possessions but a mess of tangled headphones and strewn letters; we must be almost beyond hope.

The hospital does its best to lick us into shape. The ward rules, pinned to the wall over every bed, read like

Standing Orders: All patients C.B. (Confined to Bed) for 24 hours after delivery. Two baths daily, 5 mins. only in bath. Patients to lie on their tummies from 1000 to 1200 hours. Brassières to be worn at *all* times. Patients to drink 6 flasks of water per day, plus given fluids.

A pretty, slim drill-instructor gives us P.T. Lying on rugs like stranded but now deflated whales, raising the left leg, now the right leg, bending and stretching, arching and sagging, we are led on by the bright delusive hope of squeezing into that going-home dress with the 24-inch waist. Everyone else does. I go home in the smock I arrived in.

But before I go the Colonel is very interested to know my impressions. "Any comments? Any suggestions?"

Do I tell him of the express train which thundered seemingly through the very heart of the hospital at 2359 hours, whistling as it went? Or of the soldiers staggering home chanting "Roll Me Over . . ." a sentiment unshared in the ward? Or of the warm stout, so good for nursing, with its distinctive taste of best blue-black?

I do not. I stand to attention. I salute. I march off in quick time. There ought to be a band playing.

— DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

☆

Autumn Collection

The Client to herself

Just look at that model froufrouing along,
A willowy wisp with a face like a song,
Her waist twenty-two, her hips thirty-three,
Her specifications so different from me!
What would I look like in that little dress?
A porpoise or bottled-nosed whale in distress.
She isn't *distinguée*, or clever, or rich,
But God knows I envy her, smug little witch.

The Model to herself

Just look at that female in diamonds and mink,
Too plump and well nourished to see or to think.
I bet she's a company manager's wife,
Has breakfast in bed ev'ry day of her life.
I bet she has hot scones with strawberry jam
And porridge and cream—Gosh how hungry I am!
You aren't the right shape, Moddam, nor are you chic,
But God knows I'd swap any day of the week.

In duet

O for the era before World War One
When a girl could indulge in a brioche or bun,
When the doctor prescribed to "feed up" after 'flu
(Three square meals a day and elevenses too),
When world-famous beauties had well-defined curves,
And thin girls were said to be suffering from nerves,
When no one complained if you gained half a kilo,
And the toast of the town was the Venus de Milo.

— KATE BRUCE

216

Simple System

FEW filing systems presuppose more than an acquaintance with the alphabet and the workings of the simple metal clip. They are office-junior stuff, the tranquil labour of the hour between washed cocoa cups and wetted envelope-flaps.

In fact routine office filing is a gift, and I accepted it as such upon the day

our junior went to pieces after tangling with the Confidential Paper Shredder.

First of all I used the punch and felt a tidy satisfaction as I ground symmetrical confetti out of twenty sheets at once. (The junior, bless her simple heart, punched each one separately.) Then I took up my sheets and sorted them—the As on the blotter, Bs on the dictaphone, Cs in the puddle on the window-sill, Ds in the umbrella-stand, and so on. Easy enough to tell which pile to put them on. "Burns, Blenkinsop and Biggs," of course, was "B." "Aaron and Jones" was—well, a child of five could do it.

Granted there was a snag or two, like "... ark and Sons," where, by a freak, the initial letter had been punched away. But it didn't take much intelligence to see that Xark and Qark, for a start, were out of it.

When all the piles were ready I took down the file marked "A" and flicked the simple metal clip. If I'd known, of course, that I was going to file I wouldn't have left my fingernails so long or the gallon bottle of purple ink uncorked. And I certainly wouldn't have worn my yellow blouse with the frill right down the front. However, it wasn't the work of a moment to unearth my manicure- and mending-sets from behind the petty cash tin.

I flicked again. This time two nasty-looking spikes jumped up. I stabbed my papers home and blotted the blood, reversing the clip with the aid of an ebony ruler. Then I had a sudden qualm about dates until I saw the calendar and realised that, with luck, I'd file them *all* to-day.

"B" ran to several files. The first one said "Ba-Bi" which was the obvious place to put "B*rns Bros.," another punch-drunk heading. Nothing was said about "Be..." so I slipped Ben Turner Ltd. into the wastepaper-basket, as everybody had gone home by then except the cleaners.

It was the cleaners, as a matter of fact, who spoilt it all. They had already swept the Js from under the desk and thrown the Ps out with the tulips, and now I caught them shuffling all the other piles together into one big, homely heap that they could dust round. I might as well never have sorted them out. "It's people like that," I thought crossly, "who make the simple things of life so difficult!" — HAZEL TOWNSON

PHYLLIS HEATHCOTE replies to ALISON ADBURGHAM

A Letter from Paris

DEAR ALISON,—You asked about Balenciaga and Givenchy. Well, Balenciaga is positively *normal*. Everything where it should be and so practical! For he has even invented a draught-proof dinner dress with a false back that lets up and down on satin runners. They don't explain *who* does the letting up and down and it's tempting to imagine a dinner table scene in the spirit of the old *Punch* jokes: Chilly Lady (to embarrassed gentleman on her left): "Dear General, there's a draught coming from the conservatory, would you kindly pull up my false back?"

At Givenchy's, on the other side of the Avenue George V, the line is vaguely pre-natal. High, mediaeval waists, patch pockets under the bust, knuckle-long tunics, chemise dresses with twice-round, wide, soft, adjustable black leather belts. The show finishes with two divided-skirt models in taffeta—knee-breeches in front, trailing trains at the back. When do you imagine one wears them? *Soirée tendre* or washing up?

Did you see that Françoise Sagan's fourth book is just out? *Aimez-vous Brahms*... (no question mark, only *two* suspense dots, please note) is a Sagan triangle, *bien entendu*. Paule, 39; her official lover Roger, 40; Simon, the tiresome 25-year-old interloper who takes her away from Roger in

Chapter XII. Banal beyond words; and at no time in the book did I feel the least stir of care as to what happened to any of them.

On the other hand, "*Aimez-vous Brahms*...", written in a minor key (the leaves are always falling or it is raining like mad), is the first of the Sagan sagas to have charm—a tender disenchantment that runs through the story like a silver thread. And of course it's clever. Listen to this. Paule is looking at herself in a glass and meditating on the difficult passage *du rang de jeune femme au rang de femme jeune*.

The critics here are being kind about *Aimez-vous Brahms*..., much kinder than they were about *Dans un Mois, dans un An*. One of them suggests that the sociologist of the future who wants to understand the pattern of bourgeois life in France in the 'fifties will only need to dust off his Sagans (like Dekobra for the 'twenties). Promiscuity and whisky in a minor key. A charming picture. It should cheer him up a lot—the sociologist, I mean, unless of course he's out to prove the contrary—to note that whisky drinking appears to be on the wane by 1959. In *Un certain Sourire* they had knocked back at least two bottles by Chapter III. In *Aimez-vous Brahms*... the first *Scotch* is mentioned on page 109...

Yours ever, P. H.





BOOKING OFFICE

Teach Yourself Heroism

The Age of Defeat. Colin Wilson.
Gollancz, 16/-

COLIN WILSON starts from the proposition that most people nowadays are much too "other-directed," which is to say that they have allowed themselves to be ground down by mass entertainments, swollen corporations and the opinions of their neighbours into a state of grovelling conformity. This contention he supports by extensive reference to the American sociologists David Riesman

(misspelt by Mr. Wilson throughout) and William H. Whyte. Not that we are to derive comfort from the fact that this documentation is transatlantic; we are nearly as bad over here and getting perceptibly worse.

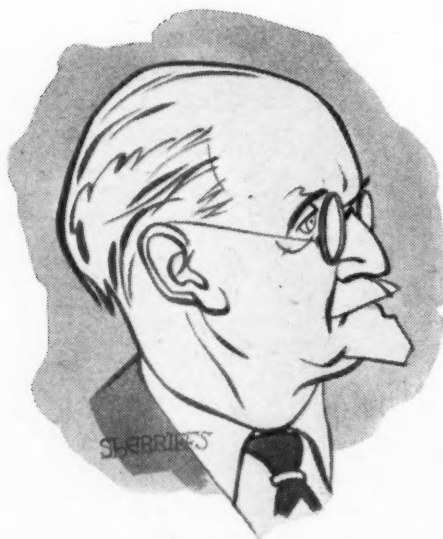
Mr. Wilson then proceeds to draw the literary parallel, pointing out that along with the growing prevalence of "other-direction" in daily life there has appeared a corresponding decline in the quality and role of the hero in literature. The cult of "the ordinary chap" has settled King Arthur's hash and outmoded even the peipatetic roisterings of Tom Jones. We are fobbed off with the pimply nitwits beloved by the early

Huxley or with the sympathetic but irrelevant antics of the Amis-figure. Literature has become just a cosy little room with a gas fire, round which its enervated protagonists whine and chatter away between mean bouts of copulation and can scarcely raise the energy to put another bob in the meter. True, says Mr. Wilson, the existentialists have tried to make something of a protest; but even this is no good, because their protest is too vague, a mere shout of defiance in the void, incoherent and negative in character. The best the existentialists can do in a positive way is the generalized "physical affirmation" of Camus—and this is not what we need at all.

So what, Mr. Wilson asks, do we need? And this, I'm afraid, is where he comes unstuck. For up to the moment of asking this question Mr. Wilson has been lucid and consecutive; and while it is certainly true that he is only restating a problem which was old when he himself was still in knickers, he nevertheless restates it soundly and roundly, he interests and he entertains. But when the time arrives for himself to give a few answers, Mr. Wilson, though he tries like hell, gets himself into a proper mess. As I understand him, he proposes that the antidote to "other-direction," whether in heroes or housewives, is "inner-direction"—by which he means an individual assertion of independent spiritual status. So far, so good. But this really gets us little further than the vague and unsatisfactory protests of the existentialists: what positive form, we are entitled to ask, is this individual assertion to take? The traditionally heroic—the Homeric—type of assertion will not do, it seems: it is just crude and bull-like. Granted, the type we want must be affirmative (and I suppose we should be grateful for that); but it will also, we are told, be irrational, mystical, and almost certainly absurd. Mr. Wilson now hurriedly cites Blake, Yeats, and Kerouac as examples of the requisite blend of absurdity and spirituality. But he can do better than

THESE LOOKS SPEAK VOLUMES

A Panorama of Publishers



I. SIR STANLEY UNWIN

BORN 1884 of a father in print and a mother in paper, was bound to be in books. Left an expensive school at fifteen when family works were burned and family fortunes charred. Prospered, could afford three years later to work in a Leipzig bookshop for nothing. By 1912 was managing Fisher Unwins, but left to travel the world, now selling books as an idea rather than a commodity. Came home to acquire rickety George Allen and Swan Sonnenschein as a basis for sturdy George Allen and Unwin, though the new company's registration date had a bodeful ring, August 4th, 1914. During the war fought a battle for all publishers against censorship; during the next, another against purchase tax. Won both. Continues tough. Gave up winter sports after forty years, but still tends to win at tennis. Prominent among other recreations, battering at bureaucracy. Proudest publications, Lowes Dickinson's *A Modern Symposium*, J. R. R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*. But quite pleased with *The Truth About Publishing*, by Stanley Unwin.

that. Like a rabbit out of a hat, up pops Cary's Gully Jimson. Penniless, cranky and toothless, Jimson might seem an uneasy aspirant to heroism: but Mr. Wilson reminds us that the poor old clown seems to spend "most of his time in visionary ecstasies"; and of such stuff will heroes now be wrought.

Now, despite this muddle, I admire Mr. Wilson. He has tried hard to deal with one aspect of the most important question of all—What is human destiny?—and he does give some sort of an answer. He is, in fact, whistling in the dark to keep our spirits up. But why must he whistle so cockily? Why are the heroes of our time to be irrational, let alone absurd? And why this spiteful dismissal of the Homeric type of hero as being coarsely irrelevant to our needs? No one could accuse god-like Odysseus of being "other-directed," and he could have taught Mr. Wilson a trick or two he doesn't know. It is difficult, I'm afraid, not to suspect Mr. Wilson of designing a pattern of heroism simply in order to suit his own cerebral processes and physical tastes. He does not see himself—and nor do we—at Troy or Avalon: so he is going to rig up an introspective, bed-sitting-room heroism, and a hero by his gas fire he will be. But this formula will qualify rather a lot of candidates for the title—and brings us depressingly near where we came in.

—SIMON RAVEN

NEW FICTION

To-morrow is Now. Ernest Borneman. Neville Spearman, 15/-

The Square. Marguerite Duras. John Calder, 12/6

The Lopsider. Leopold Louth. Gollancz, 16/-

The Humbler Creation. Pamela Hansford Johnson. Macmillan, 16/-

MR. BORNEMAN writes fiction only too seldom; but when he does the result is apt to be memorable. *The Face on the Cutting Room Floor*, a pseudonymous near-pastiche of the tough American crime-story; *Love Story*, about an out-of-work film-cameraman; and *Tremolo*, a study in stealthy terror, set in the world of jazzmen, were all outstanding examples of their various genres. *To-morrow is Now*, different from any of these, makes the novels of younger contemporaries seem essays in sweetness and light by comparison. The slightly off-putting sub-title, *The Adventures of Welfare Willy in Search of a Soul*, is in fact an accurate epitome of the subject-matter; for Willy Proctor, thirty-nine, lecturer in nuclear physics at a London science college, unhappily married to an American dipsomaniac whom he met when on a teaching fellowship at Harvard, finds himself in conflict with both the political ideals of his parents who have

been active revolutionaries, and with the desire of his seventeen-year-old, coffee-bar-frequenting, semi-moron son to "live cool-like." The tragic break-up of this precariously-balanced household is precipitated by the arrival from the States of "the Versatile Girl from Radcliffe," a man-eating millionairess who has been the girl-friend of both man and wife; but not before the author has amply demonstrated his knowledge of the seamy side on two sides of the Atlantic, and his astonishing command of contemporary idiom: including that used by coloured Lesbian prostitutes and juvenile-delinquent drug-addicts.

The Square is also recommended to those in search of a new literary experience. Cast almost entirely in the shape of a dialogue between a nursemaid and a travelling salesman, it has been produced with considerable success as a B.B.C. Third Programme play; but listeners who enjoyed it in this medium would be well advised to obtain the book as well, since the author's subtle analyses of the nature of personality and the anatomy of loneliness can be fully appreciated only on the printed page. The dialogue itself is both simple and formalized, yet each speaker remains sharply characterized: most English novelists would require pages of interior monologue to achieve the same effect of self-revelation. The translation, as might be expected from any collaboration involving Sonia Pitt-Rivers, is lucid and impeccable.

With *The Lopsider* we are already returning to familiar novel-forms, though its values are conventionally anarchistic. Mr. Louth's hero—and he is presented unequivocally as one—is an intellectual wide-boy hire-car driver named Fortunatus Cecil. His first client in this account of his adventures is an international pedlar of fake violins called Gustave Ap Jenkyn, and readers who know what to expect when characters are given names of this sort will not be disappointed. There are two voluptuous heroines, of contrasting pigmentation and similar sensual compliance (this is not the kind of comedy in which the hero is ineffectual about sex); a forged Shakespearean MSS sold to a wealthy American (name of Quaperlake) and turned into a musical (with quotations from the verse and song-lyrics); Colin Wilson is frequently mentioned; and, unlike its prototypes of the early 1930s, the book ends happily for the Lopsider and his flamenco-playing "upper-middle."

With *The Humbler Creation* the transition back to the world of Boots and the Book Society is complete. Miss Hansford Johnson deals here with a milieu quite other than that which she so brilliantly spotlighted in *The Unspeakable Skipton*, and in a manner more correspondingly solid. Her middle-aged Kensingtonian vicar, at odds with his beautiful, frigid, and insincere wife, while desperately in love with a widow (also in her forties) who might have given him the peace he craves, is a



"I do believe he's got hay fever."

sympathetic and well-drawn figure—as are the other characters surrounding him—but, like Nat Cecil, they belong irrevocably between cloth covers, never achieving a separate life in the reader's imagination as do the creations of Ernest Borneman and Marguerite Duras.

—J. MACLAREN-ROSS

Spanish Mercy. Arland Ussher. Gollancz, 18/-

"Nobility," says Mr. Ussher, "is a thing to be lingeringly enjoyed." It is evident he enjoys every moment of his five months' tour of Spain, from the barbaric *corridos* to the bars of Malaga with their misty memories of the *Sol y Sombra* (a blend of cognac, anis and moscatel). Even the third-class voyage from Barcelona to Palma ("impossible," said the travel agency) has its charms for Mr. Ussher; and the remorseless chugging of the screw merely keeps him awake and "lightens his perceptions." He eats fish that look like transparent maggots, and finds them delectable; he discourses on politics and morality, patriotism and religion. He savours and distils the charm of the great Spanish cities and of the remotest incidents of Spanish life: the life of a land where people "can still laugh and sing and drink wine like men." It has often been said that the Irish are a sort of Spaniards; and it must be some such sympathy that explains the lively success of this book.

—J. R.

Sorrows, Passions and Alarms. James Kirkup. Collins, 15/-

In this sequel to *The Only Child* Mr. Kirkup recreates boyhood and adolescence on Tyneside. He is more concerned with the delights of treats and games than with the glooms and rigours of school and college life, though he is firm enough about the low quality of his education. The clear colours of his

palette have been criticized as unsuitable for painting north-east England during the slump, when the area was not only bitterly poor but rowdy and brutal. Mr. Kirkup does honestly mention the dark side; but it is remembered pleasures that fill his adult attention. He has the excitement over detail combined with the independence of fashion of the great Victorian naturalists.

Mr. Kirkup's patient, precise memory is too valuable to be rushed. He could easily have kept this book for the nine-to-fifteen period and left the experiences of his later teens to another volume. He is one of the rare autobiographers who deserve plenty of space. — R. G. G. P.

AT THE PLAY

The Shifting Heart

(DUKE OF YORK'S)

From the French (STRAND)

The Ginger Man (FORTUNE)

THE *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll* first made us aware of Australia as a source of drama. Now *The Shifting Heart*, by Richard Beynon, confirms the belief that it is likely to be drama worth having. This play will scarcely encourage emigration to Melbourne; it is far too honest about the average Australian's sense of superiority towards foreigners. Towards Italians in this case—a family eight years settled, that takes a pride in its new nationality, although their neighbours' welcome is to shout "Dago!" and

throw rotten fish over the wall. The immigrants' daughter has married an Australian, a decent, incoherent truck-driver (why are these stage blocks of insensitivity never hedgers-and-ditchers or armature-winders?) who has given her brother a job but shies at making him a partner. When the boy tries to fight his way into a dance hall from which Italians have been banned, he is beaten up and killed.

The second half is mainly concerned with the truck-driver and his wife. She doesn't want to have the baby she is carrying, lest it grow up to similar injustice; he becomes more and more ashamed of his native racial prejudice. Sick as I am of the muscular oaf as the stage hero of the twentieth century, this is a welcome variant, for *The Shifting Heart* shows how the kind of man who smashes his fist against a wall rather than shed a tear can develop into a human being.

The troubles of first-generation immigrants have grown familiar, but all the same this is a good play. Mr. Beynon's method is old-fashioned realism, pretty squalid in places and very hard-hitting, but simply presented and capable of tenderness and gaiety. He has a fine sense of the dramatic. And he is lucky in his actors. Clelia Matania and MIMO Billi are touching as the old couple, still resoundingly Italian and still in love. Kenneth Warren plays the tough son-in-law cleverly, the shy man fighting emotion, and Madge Ryan is wonderfully

racy as a good-hearted neighbour. Intelligent production, by Leo McKern.

After the first act I thought that *From the French* was going to survive transplantation more successfully than most comedies brought from Paris. It had the advantage of two accomplished and well-matched comedians, in Claude Dauphin and Nauntun Wayne, and Hubert Gregg's adaptation had preserved the lightness of Jean-Paul Marotte's original. This was a bubble-play, but the bubble was being kept dexterously in the air. The trick that Sacha Guitry sometimes employed

REP SELECTION

Birmingham Rep, *Creditors* and *The Waiting Room*, unspecified run.

Citizens', Glasgow, *Gigi*, until October 3rd.

Colchester Rep, *Flowering Cherry*, until September 26th.

Wimbledon Theatre, *The King Condemned*, new play, until September 26th.

in his films of being at the same time a character within the story and a compère outside it was neatly used. M. Dauphin was a best-selling novelist whose love-scenes were authentic because they were first acted with his secretary to a tape-recorder. Upset by a psychiatrist, she had left him; and in despair he is trying out a short list of candidates filtered for him by his thoughtful publisher, who is Mr. Wayne. So far, rather amusing. Both M. Dauphin and Mr. Wayne step out of the play readily to explain a flash-back or address us confidentially, and each has the personality to hold an audience.

It is sad to record that the bubble sags dangerously by the middle of the evening and has burst well before the end, when the authors have run out of invention and fallen back in desperation on a striptease parlourmaid. Mr. Gregg, who also produces, keeps things moving at a smart pace, but they have ceased to be funny. The cast deserves better, particularly M. Dauphin, who has great charm, and Mr. Wayne, who as a compère is our native champion. Barbara Shelley and Bridget McConnell are both good, but Austin Trevor is singularly thrown away as the jittery psychiatrist.

The Ginger Man has been made into a play, if you can call it that, by J. P. Donleavy from his own novel. As has been pointed out, it is a kind of Dublin *Look Back in Anger*, only its hero, Sebastian, is without a social grouse. He is a terrible fellow, a dirty wastrel on the bottle, blasphemous, sunk in self-pity yet immensely pleased with himself and his capacity to go on talking. His wife runs away, and he seduces the lodger, a pathetically bright spinster. The fourth character is a fellow law-student who



Poppa Bianchi—MIMO BILLI

(*The Shifting Heart*)

Clarry—KENNETH J. WARREN

drops in now and then to get drunk and lament his failure with the ladies. But the others are little more than soundboards for the hero's monologue, which goes on for three hours. Mr. Donleavy can write, and bits of *The Ginger Man* are very funny, but finally it becomes a tremendous bore. Richard Harris puts himself heart and soul into Sebastian, as if he really believed in him. Ronald Fraser has amusing moments as the boozy visitor, and Isabel Dean suggests with delicacy the lodger's loneliness.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Aspern Papers (Queen's—19/8/59), Michael Redgrave brilliant in his own adaptation of Henry James. *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy* (Royal Court—16/9/59), ferocious O'Casey, well produced. *The Double-Dealer* (Old Vic—9/9/59), Congreve in good hands.

—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Ask Any Girl—Gold of Naples

WARNED by the synopsis that the dénouement of *Ask Any Girl* (Director: Charles Walters) was led up to by the tired old romantic-fiction formula "She now realizes it is X whom she loves" (i.e. after long thinking it was someone else), I did not expect much of the story; and to be sure, the story isn't much, though it has a good idea. But a comedy directed by the man who made *The Tender Trap* and *High Society*, scripted by George Wells who wrote *Designing Woman*, and with Shirley MacLaine as the leading player, seemed a safe enough bet for sheer enjoyment, and so it proved.

Plenty of people would give Miss MacLaine all the credit, and certainly she is a joy; it's hard to think of anyone else who is both so attractive and so funny. But I insist that the fun here is not a mere matter of one personality or one comedienne. Mr. Wells and Mr. Walters could not have done it without her skill—but neither could she without theirs.

The film adds up to a bunch of interconnected episodes, the last and longest of which has the good idea above referred to. The early ones are on fairly familiar lines: the comic misadventures of an exceptionally accident-prone working girl in the big city. Until well after the first sequences of the final episode which might be called the main story, the emphasis is on these comic misadventures. By then she has got a job with a market-research firm, and we see her at first having all kinds of bad luck, down to breaking her pencil while the boss is dictating, and then squirting ink over his tie.

Then appears the good idea. Smitten with the charms of his younger brother



Miles Doughton—DAVID NIVEN

bewitching floral fragrances



[*Ask Any Girl*

Meg Wheeler—SHIRLEY MACLAINE

(Gig Young), who has an assortment of girls for every mood, and wishing to be more than just another one of them, she gets the boss (David Niven) to conduct a "scientific market analysis" to find out the exact qualities his brother likes in each. One has enormous eyelashes (he brings back a sample), another has perfected a remarkable technique of "osculatory gratification" . . . and so on. She adjusts her own habits and attributes accordingly, and the "customer" duly finds her irresistible; the planned-for proposal is made.

Yes, I know it sounds absurd, and of course it is absurd—but it comes off at the time. That is what ingeniously funny script-writing, clever direction, and brilliant comic playing will do. The only thing I regret about the picture is its tendency to rub in, with bits of off-screen narrative in Miss MacLaine's voice, points that we have already seen her make more subtly and amusingly by acting.

Gold of Naples (Director: Vittorio de Sica) is a group of four stories, from the book by Giuseppe Marotta: a very miscellaneous lot, diverse both in mood and style. I would say the simplest, "The Gamblers," is the most successful; it makes no pretence of being more than a neat, superficial little anecdote—and the neatness of its pattern is part of its success. There are only two main characters, one a small boy, and most of the time we are watching this bored and impatient child (Piero Bilancioni) beat the Count (Vittorio de Sica) at cards.

The extreme simplicity of this situation might be expected to make for monotony, but for me it didn't, even though I had no idea what the game was.

Two of the other three stories are comedies: one in a familiar tradition with Sophia Loren as an erring wife who—after some comic suspense—gets away with it, and the other, sligher and less contrived in plot, that works up to a splendid climax as a downtrodden little man (Toto) at last gets rid of a racketeer who has been dominating his household. Finally a bit of sentimentality about a prostitute (Silvana Mangano) who finds that a man has married her only to punish himself.

All these have excellent passages of detail, and the Neapolitan scene, I'm told, is perfectly conveyed; the film is well worth seeing. I suppose since they persist in refusing to show a short-story film by itself, having several strung together on a quite artificial thread (there's no reason in these characters or stories themselves why they *have* to be in Naples) is better than nothing.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Devil's Disciple (16/9/59) continues, and *Tati's Mon Oncle* (12/8/59), and *Blue Jeans* (9/9/59), and *Maigret Sets a Trap* ("Survey," 2/9/59); and probably you can still find *I'm All Right, Jack* (26/8/59) in London . . .

. . . Although it is also among the releases. Another is the intelligent and unusual British whodunit *Blind Date* (2/9/59).

— RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

The Election

THERE was no surprise in Miss Grace Wyndham Goldie's revelation that programmes with a strong political flavour are not popular with viewers. If television has done anything in its short life it has shown that there is a pitiful hollowness under the endless bickering between the two main parties. The truth of the matter seems to be that viewers bitterly resent the deliberate pollution, by party political wrangling, lecturing, electioneering or ham-fisted indoctrination, of the pure and placid stream of their entertainment. The TV set is an escape-hatch, and the last thing they want, as they swim through it into their cosy never-never-land, is to find it choked with lard-faced Members of Parliament solemnly accusing one another of crimes against humanity.

But it would be wrong to think that television has simply shown up the battle of the parties as a tedious bore: it has in fact rendered the whole business inexpressibly comical, if viewed dispassionately. Those who firmly turn the switch at the first sight of a political face miss many a laugh. Those who sit doggedly through every party "turn," quickly recognizing that the art of political persuasion is based on perversion, distortion, white-washing, fact-dodging, rhetoric and downright thumping lies, can find a great deal of cynical pleasure in the twistings and turnings, the bland exaggerations, the naïve misrepresentations, the sheer deadpan insolence of these men who juggle with truth in order to win an election.

Television will neither win nor lose this election. In fact unless party political broadcasts show an improvement on the half-baked charades of Dr. Hill and Mr. Greenwood, polling day

will find the electorate glumly sitting at home, contemplating a return to anarchy.

This is a great pity, to put it mildly. In their covering of current affairs, and in their reports and comments on events that go to make up world politics, both TV channels have, on the whole, an excellent record. In the whole course of history the man in the street has never had such an opportunity to keep himself informed, from day to day, about what seems to be going on and why. How ironic, then, that with an election around the corner the professional politicians should take over and reduce the whole thing to the level of a shabby argument! Doubly ironic when you consider that, as a series of street-corner interviews in "To-night" recently indicated, the vast majority of people made up their minds long ago which way they will vote, and won't pay the slightest attention to any ravings and cajolery that may come from the little screen during the next few weeks. This point was further elaborated in the course of a first-rate edition of "We Want an Answer" (Granada), in

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

The "Punch in the Theatre" Exhibition remains at the Citizens, Glasgow.

"Punch in the Cinema" is at the Odeon Cinema, Plymouth, by arrangement with the Rank Organisation.

which Richard Crossman and Peter Thorneycroft, having voluntarily agreed to leave their party prejudices outside the studio, answered questions about electioneering in the most engaging and informative way.

"Panorama's" flesh-creeping summary of the rocket and ballistic missile situation (BBC), sparked off by the visit of a Russian flag to the moon and screened the very next day, was typical of this programme at its best, with John Freeman at his sternest, filmed interviews smoothly integrated, and the item rounded off by one of Mr. Dimpleby's most careworn expressions. He carries the weight of world problems for us as nobly as any man could. Among other, strictly non-political, programmes I have watched lately, the BBC's weekly "Focus," for the youngsters, strikes me as a good, solid, unpretentious magazine with an emphasis on practical matters and not too much gush. "The Alan King Show" (BBC) contained some of the most painful comedy material I have seen for many years. I cannot believe that an artist of Mr. King's experience doesn't know how many eggs a script is going to lay, simply by reading it. If in fact he hasn't got this knack I suggest he should employ someone who has. Otherwise he surely won't remain for long at the top of the bill.

— HENRY TURTON

Enter Twelve Elephants By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

AT St. Mary's College at Notre Dame, Indiana, they have built a theatre which contains the largest stage "west of New York and east of Denver, Colorado," and what is more, explained the good nun in charge of it—the Mother-Producer, I suppose that we may call her—"it is guaranteed to bear twelve elephants." I racked my brain to try to think of a play in which twelve elephants might appear and hoped against hope that the nuns would put it on.

*Geographers in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns*

wrote Swift. But dramatists, I fancy, have not been frequently reduced to such straits for want of characters. Was there some fine ranting in Marlowe—say, in Tamburlaine?

*Is it not brave to be a King?
Is it not passing brave to be a King
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?*
[Enter twelve elephants]

Or could one rewrite *Richard III* with Richard shouting "My kingdom for an elephant," and Henry Tudor raising the bid by going "Twelve elephants"? Or perhaps some modern Tennessee Williams sort of play—the poor drunk sitting alone on the stage, soaking away and then there appearing before him, first a white rabbit or two, then some pink snakes and at last, as grand finale, as he downed the last dregs of the fourth bottle, "twelve elephants"?

Twelve elephants, I must admit, raise subsidiary problems of stage management. How many nuns would be required to look after the elephants? In what nun's cell, in what consecrated green room are they to sit (or stand) while waiting for their call? Not many convents include an elephant house among their amenities. How are we to be certain that they will all get on to the stage at the right time? "An elephant," says Plutarch all too glibly, has "become man's plaything and a spectacle at public solemnities, and it learns to skip, dance and kneel." Says Plutarch, but did he ever try teaching one—let alone try teaching twelve at a time? What guarantee is there that, bored with waiting, one of the elephants will not

seek to introduce "Trumpets off" at some moment entirely irrelevant to the plot? As the proverb says, you can take an elephant to the stage but you can't make him act.

There are other possibilities. An enterprising gentleman in Ceylon the other day, on seeing the ritual procession of Day Perahera go past, raised the cry of "Elephant! Elephant!" and then took advantage of the disturbance to relieve his neighbours of their

jewellery and make off with it stuffed into his hair. No one would, of course, suspect the nuns of meditating such an escapade, but who can tell what strange types in what strange disguises may find their way into a theatre audience?

Yet enough is enough, and what is, I confess, a little disappointing is that having equipped themselves with this extraordinary amenity the nuns seem up to the present to have made very little use of its possibilities. For when we



"I suppose you know you're eating us out of house and home?"

come to read the list of what has actually been presented on that stage there does not seem to have been so much as a single elephant. "Mr. Robert Speaight as St. Thomas à Becket in *Murder in the Cathedral*," we read. Well, I mean to say. I will restrain myself from any ridiculous and offensive jokes about mountains in labour. I intend neither compliment nor insult to Mr. Speaight. I merely ask you to face the fact—that he is not an elephant, let alone twelve elephants. If you have a stage that can accommodate twelve elephants surely it is only reasonable to have twelve elephants, even if some of them have to be fobbed off with human parts. An elephant as St. Thomas à Becket with four other elephants to murder him would at any rate be getting us somewhere.

Perhaps the nuns have equipped themselves with a weapon which, like the possessors of the H-bomb, they do not dare to use. If so, I do not altogether blame them. For it so happens that a troupe of elephants, for some reason of obscure Hindu lore with which I am not

acquainted, consists of thirteen. No pious Christian elephant would sit down thirteen to the table, but elephants, I regret to say, are rarely pious Christians. They troop in thirteens. Now circuses travel frequently through the Middle West, equipped with lions and tigers, camels and giraffes, with which, as the reviewers say, we are not here concerned, but also with "a troupe of elephants." I see what the nuns are afraid of. If we cannot find a play for twelve elephants, the Mother-Producer will say, then we must make do with a circus, and before they know where they are they will have the circus manager ringing the front door bell at St. Mary's and bringing his elephants with him.

The Mother Producer will eye him with an eye of steel.

"But there are thirteen elephants here," she will say. "This stage is only guaranteed to take twelve."

"Oh, have a heart, Mother! What harm could one elephant more or less do?"

We can imagine all too well the kindly nun unable to say No; the

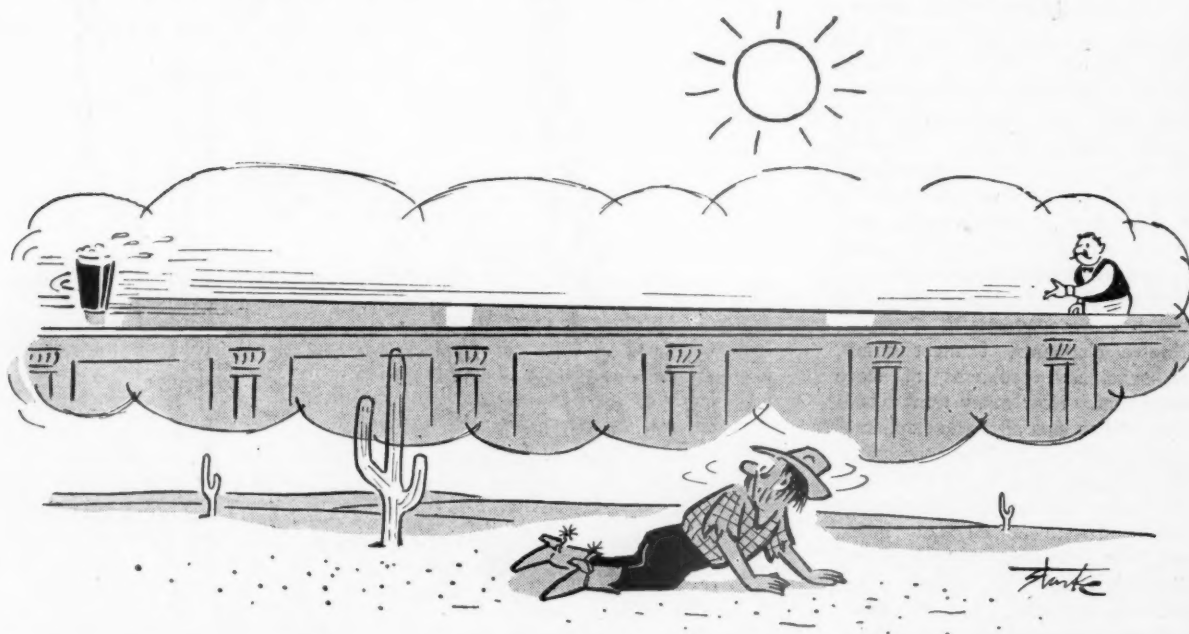
permission given; the twelve elephants shambling on to the stage amid tremendous applause; the thirteenth following behind, eager to share in the plaudits; the ominous cracking of the planks; and then with a shriek of horror nuns, elephants and circus manager all precipitated down into the nether regions of the stage.

"Mother Producer," my cry goes up to her across the ocean, "you are a Christian. Remember that thirteen is an unlucky number. It is the last elephant that breaks the camel's back. If the worst comes to the worst you stick to Mr. Speaight."

Take Heart

SING hey diddle-diddle,
A middle-aged fiddle
Can still play a jolly good tune,
And always remember
A rose in December
Is twice as much fun as in June.

— KATE MARY BRUCE



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